THE
NATION

September 27, 1965 . . 35c

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Greece: WHAT THE PALACE FEARS . . . . . Constantine Poulos

Kashmir: THE UN'S PERILOUS CHANCE . . . . Anne Weill-Tuckerman

Can We Live With Our Cars?

Elinor C. Guggenheimer

THE TYRANNY of CHARITY

Wendell Berry

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LETTERS

Dream worlds

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Carey McWilliams' marvelous editorial on Watts [*The Nation,* Aug. 30] coupled its two great events, Rodia's towers and the riot.

A year ago, I was one who went to see the former, rock blind to the ugly simmer in the environing slum. The one-man cathedral of self-assertion eerily assembled the junk of California around a European memory; the dream world of Southern California, like that other American dream world, the Old South, discharged its contempt for the past in the brutal contempt manifest in the lethargic, mock-pastoral slum. . . . If Southern California is to persist in its drive to be the launching platform of extra-terrestrial life, it will have to find an equivalent of Rodia's constructive genius to remove its mounting detritus. *Richard Stern*

Saucery

Clinton, Mass.

Dear Sirs: In view of the caliber of many of those who have the courage to report seeing these things, it hardly behooves Mr. Daniel Cohen to imply ["The Return of Flying Saucers," *The Nation,* Sept. 13] that all such persons are deceived or that those of us who are interested in getting at the truth are "nuts." I am one who saw "flying saucers" myself, back in February of 1952. . . . They were three huge silver disks, flying in a V formation, hovering, changing speeds, etc. . . .

As a member of NICAP and one who had a part in its organization, I must say that I resent the tone of Mr. Cohen's article and I also resent the fact that my favorite magazine should have published it. . . . I prefer to remember that Dr. Albert Einstein, when questioned about this subject is reported to have said: "These people are seeing something. . . ."

Albert H. Baller, Minister
German Congregational Church

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Your readers should not mistake Daniel Cohen's shotgun attack on saucerers for a calm, objective appraisal of the existing evidence of UFOs.

Last year we published a serious, well-documented, 200,000-word report, "The UFO Evidence," which was submitted to every member of Congress. It contained all of our best accumulated evidence up to that time. It also contained an *accurate* statement of our positions and "beliefs" (if Mr. Cohen prefers that word to "hypotheses"). . . .

The crackpots and con men, who inevitably are dragged into skeptical articles, really are irrelevant. . . . If Mr. Cohen cannot distinguish between crackpots and competent people, irrelevant mystical blatherings and logical arguments, we can. Pardon us for being discriminating. . . .

Richard Hall
Acting Director
National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP)

Beauty

Johnson, Vt.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations and thanks for the poem by Robert Duncan in your issue of Sept. 13. It's a beauty.

Hayden Carruth

Svenska Vietnamkommittén

Stockholm

Dear Sirs: A Swedish Vietnam Committee (Svenska Vietnamkommittén) was formed in Stockholm on August 19. It has at its start about sixty members, mostly well-known personalities in Swedish cultural life.

The aims of the committee are:

(*1*) To work for peace in Vietnam in accordance with the principles set down in the 1954 Geneva Agreements.

(2) To promote negotiations among all parties concerned, especially between the U.S.A. and the National Liberation Front (Vietcong).

(*3*) To support the strivings of the Swedish Government to help bring about peace in Vietnam.

(*4*) To pressure the U.S. Government (together with similar movements in other countries).

(*5*) To undertake a humanitarian action for the people of Vietnam.

(*6*) To spread accurate information on Vietnam.

(*7*) To assist Vietnam when the reconstruction of the country begins.

(*8*) To keep in touch with similar organizations in all countries.

The executive committee of the Svenska Vietnamkommittén includes as chairman, Stiv Jakobsson (chairman of the Swedish World Peace Mission); as vice chairman Hans Haste (a publisher); as secretary Jan Berglund (general secretary of the Youth Peace Society); and Bertil Svahnström (editor of *Freden,* chairman of the Swedish CND); Göte Jacobsson (captain in the Swedish army); Thomas Gerholm (a student).

The Svenska Vietnamkommittén is grateful for all information on medical aid programs, etc., and on ways and means for humanitarian actions in Vietnam. Please write to Bertil Svahnström, International Secretary, Svenska Vietnamkommittén, Jungfrugatan 30, Stockholm Ö.

Bertil Svahnström

THE NATION

Monday, September 27, 1965
Volume 201, No. 9

In this issue

EDITORIALS

149

ARTICLES

151 Kashmir: The UN's Perilous Chance
Anne Weill-Tuckerman

154 The Nonstudent Left
Hunter S. Thompson

158 Greece: What the Palace Fears
Constantine Poulos

161 The Tyranny of Charity
Wendell Berry

164 Can We Live with Our Cars?
Elinor C. Guggenheimer

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

167 The Goals of the Group
D'Arcy McNickle

168 Reflections on Gaols
Norval Morris

170 The Birthday Dream (poem)
James Dickey

171 Mad Old Man and the Sea
Harold Clurman

172 Preview of a German Controversy
George K. Romoser

175 Films
Robert Hatch

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 176)
Frank W. Lewis

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Robert Hatch, Managing Editor
Grandin Conover, Literary Editor
Marion Hess, Copy Editor
Harold Clurman, Theatre
Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
Denise Levertov, Poetry
Alexander Werth, Europe
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

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Who Said Irrational?

War is deplorable, and suddenly a large section of the American press and the commentators have found a war to deplore. Max Lerner calls the Pakistan-India conflict "the absurd war . . . fought by the wrong enemies, with the wrong weapons, over the wrong issues." *Newsweek's* caption on the same topic is "Senseless War on the Subcontinent." *The New York Times* heads its editorial "The Irrational War" and finds the cost out of all proportion to any possible gain. But actually, insofar as any war can make sense in the modern world, this one does—on the Pakistani side at least. It is an exceedingly inconvenient conflict for the United States, with its foreign policy shaped by the anti-Communist obsession and the defection of Pakistan as a paid-in-advance ally against the Soviet Union and Red China, but why should the Pakistanis dance to our tune when they are convinced that it no longer serves their interests?

The Pakistan-India controversy has been festering for seventeen years. It is as real a dispute as one can well imagine. It involves one of the basic ingredients of war—land. India has possession of territory, part of which certainly belongs to Pakistan. This Kashmir real estate, important in itself, is important also in connection with water rights, a vital element in irrigation projects. Millions of Indians and Pakistanis are hungry, and actual famine impends in both countries. War may make matters worse for one or both, but it cannot be said that there is nothing to fight about.

The same applies to the equities of the matter. When the Hindu maharajah of Kashmir decided to join India after the partition of 1947, war broke out, the UN intervened, Kashmir was divided, with India getting the major share, and a plebiscite was to be held to allow the predominantly Moslem Kashmiri to decide which country they preferred to join. India has successfully evaded this agreement, to the great frustration of successive Pakistani governments. Now, instead of merely stalling on the plebiscite, the Indian Government has incorporated Kashmir as an integral part of India. Prime Minister Shastri proclaims: "Kashmir is part and parcel of India . . . no power on earth can force us to surrender it." This is a declaration of force, and force begets force.

These considerations do not embrace all the issues nor tell the whole story. Part of Kashmir is indisputably Indian ethnically, part is indisputably Pakistani. Another part would apparently like to be independent of both countries but if forced to make a choice would probably opt for Pakistan. The right is not all on one side, but one can understand the Pakistanis' frustration. They have been more patient than governments usually are.

If we are looking for a truly senseless war on which to vent our righteous indignation, the American operation in Vietnam would seem to be an unbeatable choice. All but the most ardent war hawks wish we had never got into it, but with every week our commitment becomes larger and withdrawal more difficult. Our objectives are obscure. We do not want land, we do not want people, we already have enough bases in Asia. We maintain that we are fighting for the freedom of the people of South Vietnam, most of whom are indifferent or hostile to us, with only an unpopular minority committed to our cause. Such friends as we have we are in the process of alienating; one does not gain favor among a people by devastating their country, even in the name of all that is sacred. We are the victims of our own delusions, such as the "falling domino" theory, and the notion that the Chinese Reds will take fright when they see what we can do to the Vietnamese. If a *reductio ad absurdum* of war is sought, the place to look is not in India or Pakistan or Kashmir, but in the unhappy country on which our Army, Navy and Air Force are wreaking a senseless havoc.

Arms Diplomacy

The processes by which the armed forces classify information as secret are themselves secret. Thus the Pentagon has decreed that the amount of military aid we have given Pakistan and India is not to be revealed to the public which pays for these exports. However, the facts are known in a general way. Rep. James A. Haley (D., Fla.) says that in the past decade Pakistan has received $1.2 billion in military aid, India about one-tenth of that. Rep. Paul A. Fino (R., N.Y.) makes an estimate of a total of $2 billion of military aid for the whole subcontinent. Whether the smaller amount or the larger is correct, the outlay is well over a billion, with the Pakistanis getting the larger share, not because their cause was just, but because the Indians were reluctant to take sides with us against the Chinese and Russian Communists and the Pakistanis seemed a better investment.

In the case of Turkey and Greece the figures on military aid are accurately known. Senator Gruening points out that we have given $2.5 billion in military assistance to Turkey, and $1.7 billion to Greece. As the Pakistanis and Indians are now using our hardware against each other, the Turks and Greeks have similarly diverted U.S. weapons from their intended purpose, and may do so on a larger scale in the future.

Another possibility, equally unpleasant, is in prospect. As Constantine Poulos points out in this issue (p. 158) the Communists have come back strongly in Greece, fifteen years after their defeat in the civil war. American military aid may be used by Greeks against Greeks. If so, it is not difficult to predict which Greeks will be firing from American tanks and

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aircraft and which Greeks will be on the receiving end. Of course that would be no novelty. In Latin America and elsewhere American military aid, both in weapons and training, is calculated to aid the haves against the have-nots.

Such calculations can be hazardous, however, as the India-Pakistan situation shows. We armed both nations against communism, but they are fighting each other. Even more ironically, we are seeking the cooperation of a great Communist power, the USSR, in an effort to end that war, which is inconvenient for them as it is for us. Presumably, if this joint endeavor proves to be successful, the United States will then once again belabor the impossible Russians with might and main.

Meanwhile, the inscrutable Chinese watch and wait. They might be less inscrutable, and perhaps no more resistant to reason than other nations, if ours were not an arms diplomacy with but a single objective —putting down communism wherever it raises its head. *Newsweek,* which finds the Pakistan-India war so senseless, is beginning to show some sense in its appraisal of such a diplomacy. "The fighting," it comments, "uniquely demonstrated the frustrations—and the risks—of a foreign policy that turns largely on the single, controlling principle of anti-communism." Even so. But must it take so long to learn the facts of life? A single collection of *Nation* articles may be cited, just to show that "journals of opinion"—not *The Nation* alone—are often also journals of prophecy. Here is the list:

"The Ramparts We Rent," by O. Edmund Clubb, January 26, 1957; "Doctrine for Mideast Disaster," by Geoffrey Barraclough, March 2, 1957; "Muddle in Southeast Asia," by W. Macmahon Ball, March 16, 1957; "Gun Fever in Latin America," by Claudio Veliz, March 30, 1957.

How much loss of life and treasure, how much frustration and humiliation, could have been saved in the eight years since these essays appeared if a more enlightened policy had been followed! And what disasters could be avoided in the future.

National Embarrassment

The government's harassment of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers has become a national embarrassment. In 1956, fourteen officers and representatives of the union were indicted on a charge of "conspiring" to violate the non-Communist-affidavit provision of the Taft-Hartley Act. The case was tried in the midst of a bitter six-month strike in 1959 and resulted in convictions, although Section 9(h)—the non-Communist-affidavit provision of the Taft-Hartley Act—had been repealed six months before the trial took place! This conviction was reversed on appeal. The Justice Department then elected to retry the case—in 1963—and this conviction was sustained on appeal.

In the course of several later trials and appeals, five defendants were acquitted and three, who pleaded *nolo contendere,* were given suspended sentences. The entire elected leadership and staff of the union has testified under oath, before the Subversive Activities Control Board, that they are not Communists. The sixteen years of litigation have been, of course, an enormous drain on the union's resources. Today a wide range of AFL-CIO unions have indicated their support of the American Civil Liberties Union's amicus brief urging the Supreme Court to take jurisdiction. The case should be reviewed but, better still, it should be dismissed. "It is difficult," as Norman Thomas has pointed out, "to resist the conclusion that [in this case] the government was willing to do a little union-busting in the name of anti-communism, under the forms of law."

Passing the Buck

No one accuses the automobile manufacturers of being solely or even principally responsible for traffic fatalities and injuries [see "Can We Live With Our Cars?" by Elinor C. Guggenheimer, page 164]. They could, however, save thousands of lives yearly, and reduce the almost equally appalling toll of crippling injuries, by putting safety foremost in car design, instead of relegating it to some lower priority. The companies overstress the role of the driver in accidents, thereby relieving themselves of the onus of putting cars on the road which will kill the occupants not only in irremediably lethal collisions, but in accidents involving quite moderate kinetic energies, against which protection is entirely feasible. This policy serves still another purpose—it diverts criticism from the emphasis on speed, power and aggression in automobile advertising, on which the industry is now spending some $270 million a year.

In this process of "murder by motor," as the American Trial Lawyers Association calls it, the National Safety Council is an accomplice before the fact. In a ritual preceding each of the big holiday weekends, the Council expresses concern that a new record in auto fatalities will be set. It then uses the new total as the base for the same announcement the following year. After the last Labor Day slaughter the president of the Council declared that "many drivers will not or cannot cope with the complexities of today's traffic" and that "far too many miles of local and rural roads present deadly hazards to even careful drivers." This is all too true, but it is only part of the truth. If ever the Council has suggested that there might be too many vehicles (86 million) on the road, or that the automobile per se might be a factor, it has escaped notice amid the steady reiteration of the Council's formula over the years.

Since the most competent driver, on the best-engineered road, may be involved in an accident, one would think that he and his passengers should be packaged to minimize the effects of the "second collision" inside the vehicle. One would think that he is entitled to that much for the several thousand dollars he plunks down for the several thousand pounds of unnecessarily large,

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powerful and heavy machinery to which he entrusts his life and the lives of his loved ones. One would think that the Council would say as much, if only to justify its name.

The Council's pronouncements, however uninformative, receive the same respectful attention in the papers as a papal encyclical. This year a new theory was propounded—that the comfort of the modern car might be conducive to accidents. "With windows closed, air-conditioning on, the radio playing, the car moving smoothly and quietly," the Council tells us, "there is a tendency on the part of the driver to relax too much."

That may be, but if air conditioning has become essential for the good life, and all car windows must be closed for the required lowering of temperature, it is a major hazard in itself. The window next to the driver must be open enough to enable him to hear an overtaking car, the tire noise of his own car, and any unusual sounds that may portend trouble. Every competent driver knows this; he also knows that the radio must not be allowed to drown out these signals. Overheating a car in winter can also cause drowsiness and a possible accident, and so can carbon monoxide from the exhaust. But somehow, under the system of the annual model change and sales of 9 million cars a year, the finger is always pointed at the driver, but never at the car.

Help for the Retarded

One can think of few more painful subjects than mental retardation. In some ways it is worse than insanity which, as Harry Stack Sullivan pointed out, must be regarded as a way of life. The psychotic may derive some comfort from his delusions, may have memories and passions, but the severely retarded, when they are neglected by society, suffer what amounts to total deprivation.

In his plea before the Joint Legislative Committee on Mental Retardation, Sen. Robert F. Kennedy urged that we think of the inmates of institutions for mental defectives as children — whatever the age of their bodies — who through no fault of their own are subjected to interminable mental and emotional vacuity. They have rights which a civilized society is morally bound to respect. Many can become partially or wholly self-supporting. They have a right to education adapted to their needs. The others, those who are hopelessly feeble-minded, have a right, like the hopelessly sick, to physical comfort and amusement suited to their capacity.

Many institutions for the retarded fall far short of these requirements, as Senator Kennedy found at Willowbrook State School in New York City. The "school" (it is that in name only) has 6,000 inmates. The chronic difficulties, which it shares with probably a majority of mental institutions, are shortage of staff and overcrowding. Both are remediable—the former with more difficulty than the latter, but if adequate facilities are provided, the personnel problem can be appreciably eased. If employees are well trained and well paid, further improvement is possible.

Senator Kennedy makes some valuable suggestions for administration and organization. Staff should be augmented whenever possible by students, not only in the summer but all year round. New institutions for the retarded should therefore be located near colleges and universities. Work-study programs should be inaugurated. Attendants and other personnel must receive adequate training. Just as new hospitals are now affiliated with medical schools, state schools for the retarded should be connected with elements of the state university system. Under these conditions, work with the retarded can be rewarding, both for the staff and the children in their care. For its part, society will be relieved of the shame of hiding away and mistreating some of its most unfortunate members.

KASHMIR

The UN's Perilous Chance . . Anne Weill-Tuckerman

United Nations

The mission of United Nations Secretary-General U Thant to the Indian subcontinent represents a critical test of the international organization's ability to preserve or restore peace in the world. Never before in the history of the UN has a conflict of such potential magnitude erupted between two member states; even more to the point, never has a Security Council decision to intervene been backed by the unreserved unanimity of the membership, including all the big powers.

Thus U Thant's mission symbolizes the collective will of the United Nations, with the exception of the parties involved, to prevent two nations, totaling almost 600 million people, from launching a holocaust upon each other and endangering the fabric of world peace. Heading the peacemakers are the two superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union, without whose agreement no real UN action in the political field has ever been possible. In the India-Pakistan conflict, the interests of Washington and Moscow coincide exactly: both fear a Chinese military intervention and both have

Anne Weill-Tuckerman has covered the United Nations since its inception as a correspondent for Agence France-Press. She is also a regular political commentator for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

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warned Peking (the Soviet Union in unequivocal terms) against adding fuel to the dispute. For the United States, such an intervention could extend Peking's influence over the subcontinent and strengthen an anti-U.S., anti-UN "axis" of China, Indonesia and Pakistan. For Moscow, China's open support of Pakistan, in addition to affording an opportunity for further Chinese penetration and mischief making in the non-Communist world, could provoke from the United States a large-scale retaliatory move, with atomic weapons perhaps coming into play.

The Secretary-General's efforts also enjoy the full blessing of London, Paris and the many capitals of the nonaligned world. On the other hand, his mission comes at a time when the practical peace-keeping capacity of the UN is at an ebb. The organization has just emerged from the crisis over Article 19, which, sterile and time-wasting as it was, amply demonstrated that the concept of national sovereignty and national interest still prevails over that of collective responsibility. The outcome of the Article 19 controversy proved that the UN could not force a big power to assume responsibility for a UN action which it considered against its interests, and that, as a consequence, no future peace-keeping operation could be undertaken without the assent of all the big powers, whose contribution, especially in the financial area, is essential.

The question now, in the face of the India-Pakistan conflict, is whether the UN can impose peace on two of its largest member nations against their apparent wishes, and if so, by what means. The hope of the Secretary-General and of all member states was, and still is, that the two governments would pause and reflect with him over the catastrophic consequences of an all-out war between them and would use his visit or further good offices as an opportunity to find a way out. If this result were obtained in the more or less immediate future, U Thant's prestige and that of the UN would be greatly enhanced and the year's frustrations largely overcome. It would then become feasible, in spite of recent difficulties in financing, to enlarge and strengthen the present UN military observer corps for India and Pakistan, a forty-five-man operation limited to surveillance of the 450 mile cease-fire line in Kashmir, established in 1949.

Such an outcome would be all the more impressive since India and Pakistan have clung to positions of total intransigence over the Kashmir issue for seventeen years, in and out of UN debates, engaging again and again in a "dialogue of the deaf" across the Security Council table. Only a peril of dimensions as great as the present one could bring the Council to take up the issue once more, as it did on Labor Day weekend, and again two weeks later.

Indeed, if the shadow of Peking did not loom over Southeast Asia, already bloodied by the long Vietnam war, one could almost yield to the temptation of letting India and Pakistan "fight it out," as they have shown every desire to do almost from the day of their twin independence. It would be in bad taste, but perhaps not entirely false, to state that a classic territorial conflict of this type, between two sovereign neighbors, provides a kind of relief from the puzzling complexity of the undeclared wars, liberation wars, guerrilla wars and ideological wars of the last twenty years. But aside from humanitarian considerations, which are one of the *raisons d'être* of the United Nations, there exists the fear that, in our age, local conflicts may not be contained for long, and may escalate in the number of countries involved or in the power of the weapons used, or both. In this connection, it is worth noting that India has argued in the recent disarmament conferences against an unconditional agreement to prevent the proliferation of nations possessed of nuclear weapons.

When U Thant returned to New York from his mission, India and Pakistan had not rejected his good offices but had repudiated the call of the Security Council by setting mutually unacceptable conditions to a cease-fire. The UN thus finds itself in new territory, which the San Francisco drafters had not envisaged, hypnotized as they were by the conditions of the Second World War. It will have to learn how to deal with armed conflicts which are not the result of a recognized aggression, when the parties at war reject UN services, and when the UN has no international force to "impose peace" on them. Thus, if the Thant mission ends in total failure, the organization will have to explore for the first time the full meaning of Chapter Seven of the Charter, entitled "Action with respect to threats to the peace, breaches of the peace and acts of aggression," which deals with sanctions of diplomatic, economic, and finally military nature. In the past, such a situation occurred only once—in the case of Korea—under circumstances which cannot be repeated.

If the efforts which Secretary-General Thant has announced that he will pursue do not bear fruit in the near future, and the UN fails to act under Chapter Seven, it will have to recognize its impotence as it is forced to do presently in Vietnam, and yield its place in the peace-keeping machinery to traditional forms of national diplomatic pressure.

The Kashmir conflict, if it shows no signs of early abatement, will overshadow all the other issues to come before the twentieth session of the General Assembly which opens this month. Even earlier, there was no doubt that the session's main interest would focus on Asia, as it has focused on Africa in years past. The absence of Vietnam from the agenda is not necessarily permanent, and even if the war there is not officially inscribed in the program of the session (for that matter, the India-Pakistan conflict over Kashmir is on the agenda of the Security Council but not of the General Assembly), it will provide, with Kashmir, the living—or dying—background of all speeches by foreign ministers and all diplomatic activity in the Secretary-General's office and lobbies on the East River.

In fact, the unanimous preoccupation with the India-Pakistan conflict may mellow the sharp polemics over Vietnam which were sure to erupt in cold-war speeches on the part of the Soviet Union. (Moscow has engaged more in public denunciations of the U.S. role in Vietnam than in effective military assistance to North Vietnam or the Vietcong.)

The Soviet delegation has had little to say in the UN Kashmir debates, although it has voted with the West in sending U Thant on a

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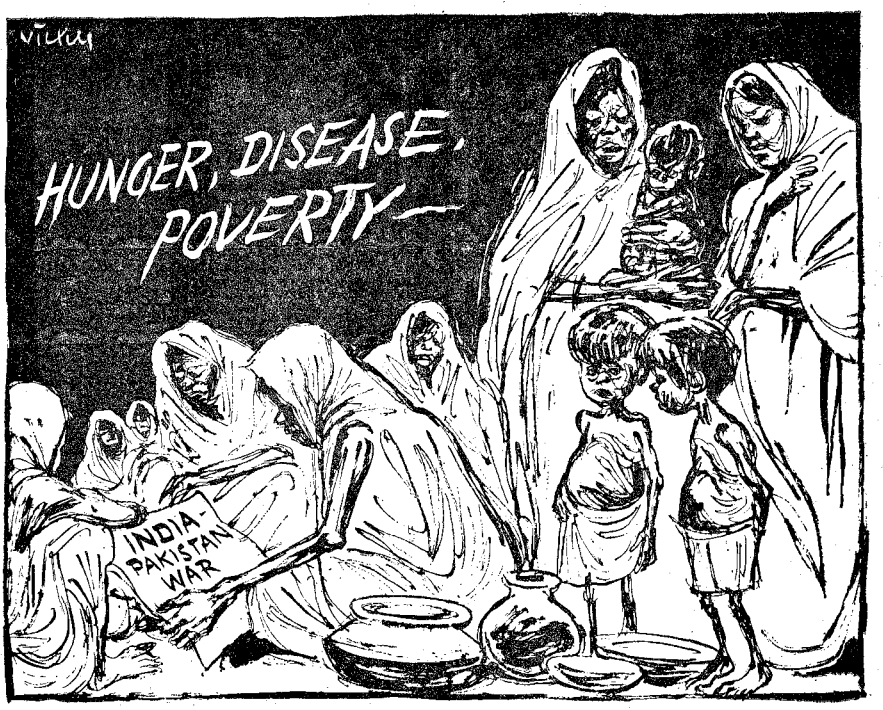
peace mission, and may well be even more silent on the issue of Chinese representation, which is the only "Asian" question officially submitted to the General Assembly. It is more than suspected that the Soviet bloc—or what is left of it—let pass this year its long-awaited turn for assuming the presidency of the General Assembly because it feared that it might be called upon to arbitrate a procedural debate on the admission of Communist China, and thus invite an accusation of "sabotage" from Peking, whatever the attitude of the president might have been. The strained relationship between the Soviet Union and China has now reached the stage of open break, which consolidates the tacit understanding of Washington and Moscow on a number of vital issues.

However, because of the growing recognition that no stable peace can be achieved in Asia without bringing China into the world's conclave, the question of Chinese representation in the UN, entered as an agenda item by ten countries under the title of "restoration of the legitimate rights of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations," may well provide more maneuvering and receive more concrete attention in the Assembly's public proceedings than the more vital issues of war and peace.

Already a procedural battle is shaping up between the respective supporters of reaffirmation or cancellation of a 1961 Assembly decision that any change in the representation of China at the UN requires a two-thirds majority vote. The U.S. delegation declares itself confident that the admission of Communist China will not, by a wide margin, muster even a simple majority of votes. However, this opinion is not shared by everyone, and the warlike nature of the Peking regime, advertised by Washington as a motive for increasing opposition to UN membership, may well constitute an argument in reverse. The yearly advance "nose count" on this question leads most diplomats to believe that Peking will not come in this year, but that the margin will be very small and that the inevitable moment is in sight. In the office of one news service, a full wall has been made into a chart on which red and black symbols mark the advances of Peking's diplomatic



Vicky: London Evening Standard

"They Say It's a Matter of Life and Death to Us"

status in the 114 member states and the most recent votes on the question in UN specialized agencies. Washington's predictions were received with the greater skepticism once its miscalculations on the support it was expecting on the issue of peace-keeping finances became evident, and caused reappraisal by President Johnson and his new representative at the UN, Ambassador Arthur Goldberg.

It fell to the lot of Justice Goldberg to convince Congress that U.S. insistence on penalties against the Soviet Union and France would neither achieve results in Moscow or Paris nor be supported by a majority in the UN, and that therefore the responsibility for the continuing paralysis of the General Assembly would be laid at the door of the United States by the membership at large. He was both skillful with Congress and candid at the United Nations when he reported on the reversal of the American Government's stand.

Realism, if not pragmatism, may be key words under the new team headed by Ambassador Goldberg. Since taking up his post, the former Supreme Court Justice and Secretary of Labor has emphasized the importance he attaches to negotiations as an instrument of policy. Decision by "consensus" may be more difficult in the UN than in Washington, but the practice has been developing for some time and will certainly be encouraged by the present U.S. Administration. With it goes a large amount of discreet, if not secret, diplomacy and less flamboyant public postures.

The magnificent oratory of Adlai Stevenson will be missed in UN councils, but not perhaps the embarrassment which came from hearing the venerated liberal statesman defend courses of action which he most likely did not approve and of which sometimes he had not even been apprised, as in the Bay of Pigs incident. Ambassador Goldberg comes to the UN with the reputation of having the ear of President Johnson, a privileged situation which will bring the White House closer to the realities of the world body. Whether this relationship will allow U.S. policy to regain some of the influence it has lost in the United Nations will depend on specific issues rather than on methods, and on the evaluation by Washington, in Congress as in the Executive branch, of the future usefulness of the United Nations, now that American idealistic illusions about the world organization have been largely shattered.

As President of the Security Council this month, at the time of the Kashmir explosion, Ambassador Goldberg has had the opportunity of testing the ground under fire, with the full backing of Washington and world public opinion.

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The Nonstudent Left . . . . . Hunter S. Thompson

Berkeley

At the height of the "Berkeley insurrection" press reports were loaded with mentions of outsiders, nonstudents and professional troublemakers. Terms like "Cal's shadow college" and "Berkeley's hidden community" became part of the journalistic lexicon. These people, it was said, were whipping the campus into a frenzy, goading the students to revolt, harassing the administration, and all the while working for their own fiendish ends. You could almost see them loping along the midnight streets with bags of seditious leaflets, strike orders, red banners of protest and cablegrams from Moscow, Peking or Havana. As in Mississippi and South Vietnam, outside agitators were said to be stirring up the locals, who wanted only to be left alone.

Something closer to the truth is beginning to emerge now, but down around the roots of the affair the fog is still pretty thick. The Sproul Hall sit-in trials ended in a series of unexpectedly harsh convictions, the Free Speech Movement has disbanded, four students have been expelled and sentenced to jail terms as a result of the "dirty word" controversy, and the principal leader, Mario Savio, has gone to England, where he'll study and wait for word on the appeal of his four-month jail term—a procedure which may take as long as eighteen months.

As the new semester begins—with a new and inscrutable chancellor—the mood on the Berkeley campus is one of watchful waiting. The basic issues of last year are still unresolved, and a big new one has been added: Vietnam. A massive nationwide sit-in, with Berkeley as a focal point, is scheduled for October 15-16, and if that doesn't open all the old wounds, then presumably nothing will.

For a time it looked as though Governor Edmund Brown had sidetracked any legislative investigation of the university, but late in August Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, an anti-Brown Democrat, named himself and four colleagues to a joint legislative committee that will investigate higher education in California. Mr. Unruh told the press that "there will be no isolated investigation of student-faculty problems at Berkeley," but in the same period he stated before a national conference of more than 1,000 state legislators, meeting in Portland, that the academic community is "probably the greatest enemy" of a state legislature.

Mr. Unruh is a sign of the times. For a while last spring he appeared to be in conflict with the normally atavistic Board of Regents, which runs the university, but somewhere along the line a blue-chip compromise was reached, and whatever progressive ideas the Regents might have flirted with were lost in the summer lull. Governor Brown's role in these negotiations has not yet been made public.

One of the realities to come out of last semester's action is the new "anti-outsider law," designed to keep "nonstudents" off the campus in any hour of turmoil. It was sponsored by Assemblyman Don Mulford, a Republican from Oakland, who looks and talks quite a bit like the "old" Richard Nixon. Mr. Mulford is much concerned about "subversive infiltration" on the Berkeley campus, which lies in his district. He thinks he knows that the outburst last fall was caused by New York Communists, beatnik perverts and other godless elements beyond his ken. The students themselves, he tells himself, would never have caused such a ruckus. Others in Sacramento apparently shared this view: the bill passed the Assembly by a vote of 54 to 11 and the Senate by 27 to 8. Governor Brown signed it on June 2. The Mulford proposal got a good boost, while it was still pending, when J. Edgar Hoover testified in Washington that forty-three Reds of one stripe or another were involved in the Free Speech Movement.

On hearing of this, one student grinned and said: "Well I guess that means they'll send about 10,000 Marines out here this fall. Hell, they sent 20,000 after those fifty-eight Reds in Santo Domingo. Man, that Lyndon is nothing but *hip!*"

Where Mr. Hoover got his figure is a matter of speculation, but the guess in Berkeley is that it came from the San Francisco *Examiner*, a Hearst paper calling itself "The Monarch of the Dailies." The *Examiner* is particularly influential among those who fear King George III might still be alive in Argentina.

The significance of the Mulford law lies not in what it says but in the darkness it sheds on the whole situation in Berkeley, especially on the role of nonstudents and outsiders. Who are these thugs? What manner of man would lurk on a campus for no reason but to twist student minds? As anyone who lives or works around an urban campus knows, vast numbers of students are already more radical than any Red Mr. Hoover could name. Beyond that, the nonstudents and outsiders California has legislated against are in the main ex-students, graduates, would-be transfers, and other young activist types who differ from radical students only in that they don't carry university registration cards. On any urban campus the nonstudent is an old and dishonored tradition. Every big city school has its fringe element: Harvard, New York University, Chicago, the Sorbonne, Berkeley, the University of Caracas. A dynamic university in a modern population center simply can't be isolated from the realities, human or otherwise, that surround it. Mr. Mulford would make an island of the Berkeley campus but, alas, there are too many guerrillas.

In 1958, I drifted north from Kentucky and became a nonstudent at Columbia. I signed up for two courses and am still getting bills for the tuition. My home was a $12-a-week room in an off-campus building full of jazz musicians, shoplifters, mainliners, screaming poets and sex addicts of every description. It was a good life. I used the university facilities and at one point was hired to stand in a booth all day for two days, collecting registration fees. Twice I walked almost the length of the campus at night with a big wooden box containing nearly $15,000. It was a wild feeling and I'm still not sure why I took the money to the bursar.

Hunter S. Thompson is a free-lance writer, now living in San Francisco. He is completing a novel, The Rum Diary, *and his book on Hell's Angels and other motorcycle gangs will be published by Ballantine in the spring.*

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Being a "non" or "neo" student on an urban campus is not only simple but natural for anyone who is young, bright and convinced that the major he's after is not on the list. Any list. A serious nonstudent is his own guidance counselor. The surprising thing is that so few people beyond the campus know this is going on.

The nonstudent tradition seems to date from the end of World War II. Before that it was a more individual thing. A professor at Columbia told me that the late R.P. Blackmur, one of the most academic and scholarly of literary critics, got most of his education by sitting in on classes at Harvard.

In the age of Eisenhower and Kerouac, the nonstudent went about stealing his education as quietly as possible. It never occurred to him to jump into campus politics; that was part of the game he had already quit. But then the decade ended, Nixon went down, and the civil rights struggle broke out. With this, a whole army of guilt-crippled Eisenhower deserters found the war they had almost given up hoping for. With Kennedy at the helm, politics became respectable for a change, and students who had sneered at the idea of voting found themselves joining the Peace Corps or standing on picket lines. Student radicals today may call Kennedy a phony liberal and a glamorous sellout, but only the very young will deny that it was Kennedy who got them excited enough to want to change the American reality, instead of just quitting it. Today's activist student or nonstudent talks about Kerouac as the hipsters of the '50s talked about Hemingway. He was a quitter, they say; he had good instincts and a good ear for the sadness of his time, but his talent soured instead of growing. The new campus radical has a cause, a multipronged attack on as many fronts as necessary: if not civil rights, then foreign policy or structural deprivation in domestic poverty pockets. Injustice is the demon, and the idea is to bust it.

What Mulford's law will do to change this situation is not clear. The language of the bill leaves no doubt that it shall henceforth be a misdemeanor for any nonstudent or nonemployee to remain on a state university or state college campus after he or she has been ordered to leave, if it "reasonably appears" to the chief administrative officer or the person designated by him to keep order on the campus "that such person is committing an act likely to interfere with the peaceful conduct of the campus."

In anything short of riot conditions, the real victims of Mulford's law will be the luckless flunkies appointed to enforce it. The mind of man could devise few tasks more hopeless than rushing around this 1,000-acre, 27,000-student campus in the midst of some crowded action, trying to apprehend and remove — on sight and before he can flee—any person who is not a Cal student and is not eligible for readmission. It would be a nightmare of lies, false seizures, double entries and certain provocation. Meanwhile, most of those responsible for the action would be going about their business in legal peace. If pure justice prevailed in this world, Don Mulford would be appointed to keep order and bag subversives at the next campus demonstrations.

There are those who seem surprised that a defective rattrap like the Mulford law could be endorsed by the legislature of a supposedly

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progressive, enlightened state. But these same people were surprised when Proposition 14, which reopened the door to racial discrimination in housing, was endorsed by the electorate last November by a margin of nearly 2 to 1.

Meanwhile, the nonstudent in Berkeley is part of the scene, a fact of life. The university estimates that about 3,000 nonstudents use the campus in various ways: working in the library with borrowed registration cards; attending lectures, concerts and student films; finding jobs and apartments via secondhand access to university listings; eating in the cafeteria, and monitoring classes. In appearance they are indistinguishable from students. Berkeley is full of wild-looking graduate students, bearded professors and long-haired English majors who look like Joan Baez.

Until recently there was no mention of nonstudents in campus politics, but at the beginning of the Free Speech rebellion President Kerr said "nonstudent elements were partly responsible for the demonstration." Since then, he has backed away from that stand, leaving it to the lawmakers. Even its goats and enemies now admit that the FSM revolt was the work of actual students. It has been a difficult fact for some people to accept, but a reliable poll of student attitudes at the time showed that roughly 18,000 of them supported the goals of the FSM, and about half that number supported its "illegal" tactics. More than 800 were willing to defy the administration, the Governor and the police, rather than back down. The faculty supported the FSM by close to 8 to 1. The nonstudents nearly all sided with the FSM. The percentage of radicals among them is much higher than among students. It is invariably the radicals, not the conservatives, who drop out of school and become activist nonstudents. But against this background, their attitude hardly matters.

"We don't play a big role politically," says one. "But philosophically we're a hell of a threat to the establishment. Just the fact that we exist proves that dropping out of school isn't the end of the world. Another important thing is that we're not looked down on by students. We're respectable. A lot of students I know are thinking of becoming nonstudents."

"As a nonstudent I have nothing to lose," said another. "I can work full time on whatever I want, study what interests me, and figure out what's really happening in the world. That student routine is a drag. Until I quit the grind I didn't realize how many groovy things there are to do around Berkeley: concerts, films, good speakers, parties, pot, politics, women—I can't think of a better way to live, can you?"

Not all nonstudents worry the lawmakers and administrators. Some are fraternity bums who flunked out of the university, but don't want to leave the parties and the good atmosphere. Others are quiet squares or technical types, earning money between enrollments and meanwhile living nearby. But there is no longer the sharp division that used to exist between the beatnik and the square: too many radicals wear ties and sport coats; too many engineering students wear boots and levis. Some of the most bohemian-looking girls around the campus are Left puritans, while some of the sweetest-looking sorority types are confirmed pot smokers and wear diaphragms on all occasions.

Nonstudents lump one another — and many students — into two very broad groups: "political radicals" and "social radicals." Again, the division is not sharp, but in general, and with a few bizarre exceptions, a political radical is a Left activist in one or more causes. His views are revolutionary in the sense that his idea of "democratic solutions" alarms even the liberals. He may be a Young Trotskyist, a Du Bois Club organizer or merely an ex-Young Democrat, who despairs of President Johnson and is now looking for action with some friends in the Progressive Labor Party.

Social radicals tend to be "arty." Their gigs are poetry and folk music, rather than politics, although many are fervently committed to the civil rights movement. Their political bent is Left, but their real interests are writing, painting, good sex, good sounds and free marijuana. The realities of politics put them off, although they don't mind lending their talents to a demonstration here and there, or even getting arrested for a good cause. They have quit one system and they don't want to be organized into another; they feel they have more important things to do.

A report last spring by the faculty's Select Committee on Education tried to put it all in a nutshell: "A significant and growing minority of students is simply not propelled by what we have come to regard as conventional motivation. Rather than aiming to be successful men in an achievement-oriented society, they want to be moral men in a moral society. They want to lead lives less tied to financial return than to social awareness and responsibility."

The committee was severely critical of the whole university structure, saying: "The atmosphere of the campus now suggests too much an intricate system of compulsions, rewards and punishments; too much of our attention is given to score keeping." Among other failures, the university was accused of ignoring "the moral revolution of the young."

Talk like this strikes the radicals among "the young" as paternalistic jargon, but they appreciate the old folks' sympathy. To them, anyone who takes part in "the system" is a hypocrite. This is especially true among the Marxist, Mao-Castro element—the hipsters of the Left.

One of these is Steve DeCanio, a 22-year-old Berkeley radical and Cal graduate in math, now facing a two-month jail term as a result of the Sproul Hall sit-ins. He is doing graduate work, and therefore immune to the Mulford law. "I became a radical after the 1962 auto row (civil rights) demonstrations in San Francisco," he says. "That's when I saw the power structure and understood the hopelessness of trying to be a liberal. After I got arrested I dropped the pre-med course I'd started at San Francisco State. The worst of it, though, was being screwed time and again in the courts. I'm out on appeal now with four and a half months of jail hanging over me."

DeCanio is an editor of *Spider*, a wild-eyed new magazine with a circulation of about 2,000 on and around the Berkeley campus. Once banned, it thrived on the publicity and is now officially ignored by the protest-weary administration. The eight-man editorial board is comprised of four students and four nonstudents. The magazine is dedicated, they say, to "sex, politics, international communism, drugs,

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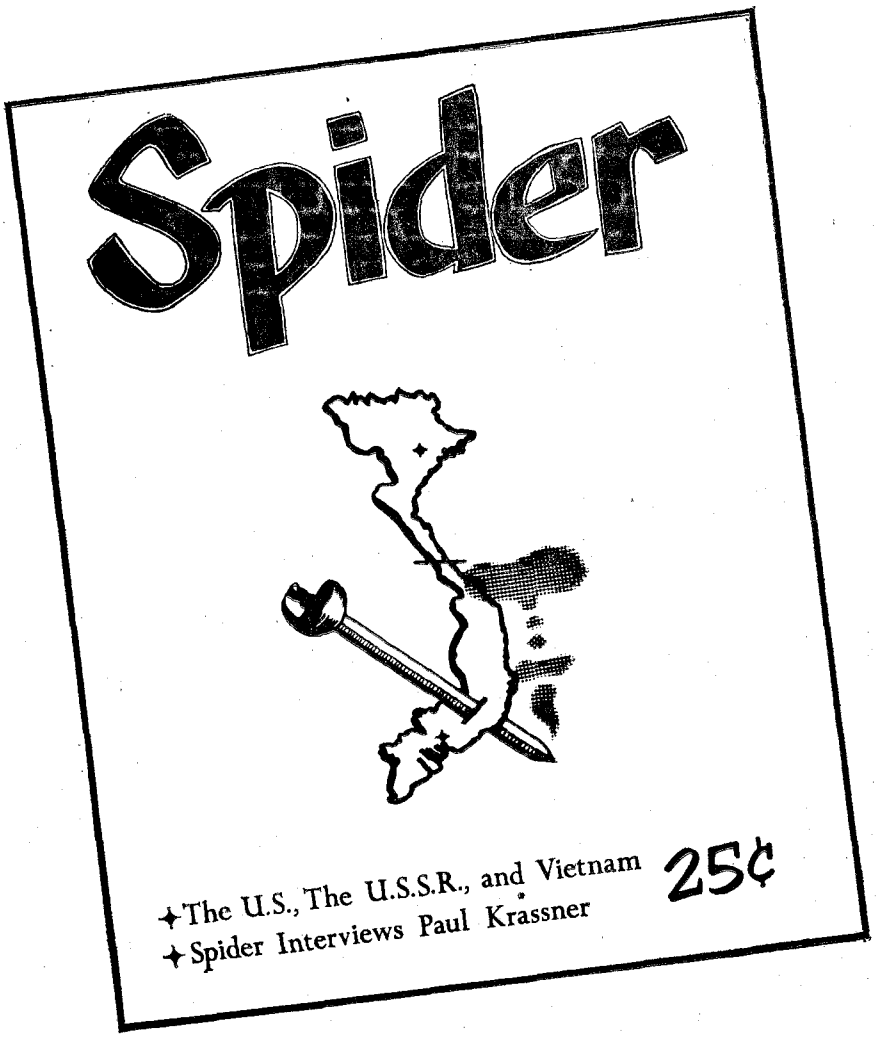

extremism and rock'n'roll." Hence, *S-P-I-D-E-R*.

DeCanio is about two-thirds political radical and one-third social. He is bright, small, with dark hair and glasses, clean-shaven, and casually but not sloppily dressed. He listens carefully to questions, uses his hands for emphasis when he talks, and quietly says things like: "What this country needs is a revolution; the society is so sick, so reactionary, that it just doesn't make sense to take part in it."

He lives, with three other nonstudents and two students, in a comfortable house on College Avenue, a few blocks from the campus. The $120-a-month rent is split six ways. There are three bedrooms, a kitchen and a big living room with a fireplace. Papers litter the floor, the phone rings continually, and people stop by to borrow things: a pretty blonde wants a Soviet army chorus record, a Tony Perkins type from the Oakland Du Bois Club wants a film projector; Art Goldberg—the arch-activist who also lives here—comes storming in, shouting for help on the "Vietnam Days" teach-in arrangements.

It is all very friendly and collegiate. People wear plaid shirts and khaki pants, white socks and moccasins. There are books on the shelves, cans of beer and Cokes in the refrigerator, and a manually operated light bulb in the bathroom. In the midst of all this it is weird to hear people talking about "bringing the ruling class to their knees," or "finding acceptable synonyms for Marxist terms."

Political conversation in this house would drive Don Mulford right over the wall. There are riffs of absurdity and mad humor in it, but the base line remains a dead-serious alienation from the "Repugnant Society" of 20th-century America. You hear the same talk on the streets, in coffee bars, on the walk near Ludwig's Fountain in front of Sproul Hall, and in other houses where activists live and gather. And why not? This is Berkeley, which DeCanio calls "the center of West Coast radicalism." It has a long history of erratic politics, both on and off the campus. From 1911 to 1913, its Mayor was a Socialist named Stitt Wilson. It has more psychiatrists and fewer bars than any other city of comparable size in California. And there are 249 churches for 120,300 people, of which 25 per cent are Negroes—one of the highest percentages of any city outside the South.

Culturally, Berkeley is dominated by two factors: the campus and San Francisco across the Bay. The campus is so much a part of the community that the employment and housing markets have long since adjusted to student patterns. A $100-a-month apartment or cottage is no problem when four or five people split the rent, and there are plenty of ill-paid, minimum-strain jobs for those without money from home. Tutoring, typing, clerking, car washing, hash slinging and baby sitting are all easy ways to make a subsistence income; one of the favorites among nonstudents is computer programing, which pays well.

Therefore, Berkeley's nonstudents have no trouble getting by. The climate is easy, the people are congenial, and the action never dies. Jim Prickett, who quit the University of Oklahoma and flunked out of San Francisco State, is another of *Spider's* nonstudent editors. "State has no community," he says, "and the only nonstudent I know of at Oklahoma is now in jail." Prickett came to Berkeley because "things are happening here." At 23, he is about as far Left as a man can get in these times, but his revolutionary zeal is gimped by pessimism. "If we have a revolution in this country it will be a Fascist take-over," he says with a shrug. Meanwhile he earns $25 a week as *Spider's* star writer, smiting the establishment hip and thigh at every opportunity. Prickett looks as much like a Red menace as Will Rogers looked like a Bantu. He is tall, thin, blond, and shuffles. "Hell, I'll probably sell out," he says with a faint smile. "Be a history teacher or something. But not for a while."

Yet there is something about Prickett that suggests he won't sell out so easily. Unlike many nonstudent activists, he has no degree, and in the society that appalls him

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even a sellout needs credentials. That is one of the most tangible realities of the nonstudent; by quitting school he has taken a physical step outside the system—a move that more and more students seem to find admirable. It is not an easy thing to repudiate—not now, at any rate, while the tide is running that way. And "the system" cannot be rejoined without some painful self-realization. Many a man has whipped up a hell broth of reasons to justify his sellout, but few recommend the taste of it.

The problem is not like that of high school dropouts. They are supposedly inadequate, but the activist nonstudent is generally said to be superior. "A lot of these kids are top students," says Dr. David Powellson, chief of Cal's student psychiatric clinic, "but no university is set up to handle them."

How, then, are these bright mavericks to fit into the superbureaucracies of government and big business? Cal takes its undergraduates from the top eighth of the state's high school graduates, and those accepted from out of state are no less "promising." The ones who migrate to Berkeley after quitting other schools are usually the same type. They are seekers—disturbed, perhaps, and perhaps for good reason. Many drift from one university to another, looking for the right program, the right professor, the right atmosphere, the right way to deal with the deplorable world they have suddenly grown into. It is like an army of Holden Caulfields, looking for a home and beginning to suspect they may never find one.

These are the outsiders, the nonstudents, and the potential—if not professional—troublemakers. There is something primitive and tragic in California's effort to make a law against them. The law itself is relatively unimportant, but the thinking that conceived it is a strutting example of what the crisis is all about. A society that will legislate in ignorance against its unfulfilled children and its angry, half-desperate truth seekers is bound to be shaken as it goes about making a reality of mass education.

It is a race against time, complacency and vested interests. For the Left-activist nonstudent the race is very personal. Whether he is right, wrong, ignorant, vicious, super-intelligent or simply bored, once he has committed himself to the extent of dropping out of school, he has also committed himself to "making it" outside the framework of whatever he has quit. A social radical presumably has his talent, his private madness or some other insulated gimmick, but for the political radical the only true hope is somehow to bust the system that drove him into limbo. In this new era many believe they can do it, but most of those I talked to at Berkeley seemed a bit nervous. There was a singular vagueness as to the mechanics of the act, no real sense of the openings.

"What are you going to be doing ten years from now?" I asked a visiting radical in the house where *Spider* is put together. "What if there's no revolution by then, and no prospects of one?"

"Hell," he said. "I don't think about that. Too much is happening right now. If the revolution's coming, it had better come damn quick."

GREECE

What the Palace Fears . . . . . Constantine Poulos

Athens

The Greek King's motto is "My power lies in the love of my people," but for three months now, King Constantine has had to be "protected" from some of his people by tear-gas bombs, high-pressure antiriot fire trucks, policemen by the thousands, and army units that have encircled the city. More important, the Greek nation is in complete disarray: without, in effect, a government; with an unruly sectarian parliament, a jerry-built throne and a confused, frustrated people.

The crisis was not fortuitous, nor was it simply a consequence of the "constitutional issue"—the king defiantly usurping a prime minister's right to name his own ministers. And it was not caused by the palace's "fear of Communist infiltration of the armed forces," the armed forces having been securely controlled by the royalist-right wing for more than twenty years. What is going on in Greece is basically a power struggle.

In the elections of February, 1964, George Papandreou led his coalition Center Union to victory with a parliamentary majority of 53 per cent (the second highest in modern Greek history). The victory followed twelve years of oppressive, royalist right-wing political rule, and twenty years of oligarchic control of the nation's economy.

The Center Union's strength came from the peasants, the white-collar workers, the trade unions, the professional classes and the students. It was a loose coalition; and savoring this long-sought victory, the egocentric, octogenarian Papandreou did not wish to risk any move that would precipitously burst his dream of a glorious end for a long and checkered political career.

Consequently, he yielded to the palace demand that he appoint one of the king's men to the Ministry of National Defense. (This ministry has in all the postwar years been placed on a unique footing, being in effect regarded as part of the royal prerogative. The Greek monarchy's power lies in the loyalty of the Greek army.) Papandreou yielded further on the composition of the chiefs of staff. Again, these were men loyal to the monarchy, not to the prime minister or even to the nation. It is the same army that has rigged elections in the past—in the interest of the monarchy, its own status and the Greek Establishment.

The Prime Minister, both before

Constantine Poulos, after many years as managing editor of the Colorado Springs Free Press *and as editor-publisher of the Jamestown (N.Y.)* Sun, *has returned to the Middle East and the Balkans, areas which he covered for* The Nation *during the war and postwar years. He is now a correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance.*

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and after his election, had promised to "cleanse" the armed forces and the brutally repressive police and gendarmerie of their predominantly pro-royalist hierarchies. He did not carry out this promise. In his election campaign he swore to expose and bring to justice the "graft and corruption" of the right-wing regime which he succeeded. He has not done so. On the contrary, he squelched parliamentary debate on this subject and sidetracked a proposed parliamentary inquiry into the preceding regime's use of "secret funds." (It is thought that these "secret funds" were largely spent on anti-Left and anti-Center activities, and in support of underground organizations of right-wing bullies and terrorists.)

Papandreou overloaded his cabinet with ministers oriented toward conservatism. His Minister of Finance gave the wealthy classes a tax cut. His Minister of Agriculture maintained high support prices for wheat and continued to purchase U.S. grain surpluses; little thought was given to the possibility of launching a structural reform of Greece's fragmented agriculture. His Minister of Labor openly sided with the anti-democratic forces of the organized labor movement. The need for careful, long-range planning was recognized, but nothing concrete was accomplished. (The Papandreou government was in power only eighteen months.)

It had been expected that the Prime Minister's son, Andreas (formerly head of the Department of Economics at the University of California, Berkeley), would direct the much needed economic programing, but his arrogance and his overbearing, premature preoccupation with politics, domestic and foreign, compromised his influence in the field where he could have proved most useful. In the process, he contributed to the estrangement from his father of many older political personalities who feared that young Papandreou's wide-ranging maneuvers presaged the establishment of a dynasty.

He is, however, a passing player in this drama, and needs to be noted only because he has become a convenient scapegoat. That he appears to have deliberately let his father down is also not too relevant.

The important point is that no postwar Greek government has been able to bring about solid social and economic reform on the basis of careful long-term planning. The reason is that a few score families control more than half the national wealth. They are supported by a camp-following parvenu elite who made huge fortunes during the Nazi occupation and the subsequent U.S. aid programs. These groups easily evade taxation.

Economic growth was impressive in the 1950s, but began to sag by the end of the decade. It couldn't be sustained because the investment was mostly in the merchant fleet, roads and tourist facilities—not in directions which would help build for the future of the country. Greece's imports (largely industrial-consumer) are still about 2 to 1 over exports (largely agricultural). The export of industrial goods started its decline in 1960, and that was a figure well below 5 per cent of the total exports.

The country's economic pattern is quite obviously the creation of an unbelievably selfish oligarchy and its puny imitators—with, of course, the monarchy, the army and the antiquated, graft-ridden bureaucracy.

Bemused by a self-proclaimed sense of destiny, Prime Minister George Papandreou believed that he could set a comfortably slow pace for bringing to the Greek people the political and social justice which he had promised. His gradualism was designed to offset the fears of the palace and the Establishment.

He revamped the judiciary. With much improved wages, the judges became less subject to influences, and, when they were assured of the Prime Minister's backing against reprisals, began to give "an even break" in the courts to all classes. During Papandreou's short tenure,

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the archaic school system was considerably renovated in the direction of making free public education much more easily available. The plan also provided for free lunches in the lower grades. Technical education was encouraged; colleges outside of Athens and Salonika were proposed and plans for them set into motion. No longer were the political opinions of a grandfather, father, or older brother used to deny worthy students access to higher education. Papandreou himself held the Ministry of Education. This was not a grandstand play: his first high government post, in 1930, was the Ministry of Education under Eleftherios Venizelos. The son of a poor village priest, Papandreou received an education because his four brothers worked to support him, and thus denied themselves any education. This pooling of resources to put one member of the family through school is not unusual in Greece.

A vital factor in Papandreou's present popularity was the extension, during his eighteen months in office, of freedom of expression. Where the previous right-wing governments had prohibited political demonstrations (except when they had an anti-American flavor), Papandreou allowed them. Communist-organized "peace marches," previously banned, were carried out without hindrance or incident. The total circulation of daily newspapers in Greece increased by 200,000 after Papandreou came to power. No longer were citizens in the provinces afraid to subscribe to centrist or leftist newspapers. They were no longer listed by the gendarmerie as "Communists," nor were they harassed daily by the bully-boys of the Right. The state-owned and state-controlled radio became a much more honest medium. (There is no television in Greece.)

The program summed up in these moves may not seem earth-shaking. It provided, however, what the Greeks call an "air of freedom." It cannot be described, it cannot be spelled out—but the Greeks can "feel" it.

Nevertheless, despite Papandreou's gradualism, despite his appeasing approach to major problems, despite his conciliatory "consensus" attitudes toward the negativistic opposition — he was too much for the Establishment. Its

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flunkeys started sniping at him early this past spring and in July they found their aim. Papandreou's attempt to take over the Ministry of Defense for himself was the last straw. The Establishment moved.

The immature, unintellectual, mother-dominated, 25-year-old playboy King was called in and told to say his lines. He did. But nothing went according to the script. Papandreou's Center Union Party did not fall apart—neither then nor after subsequent whittling. The people, seeing their meager, new-found liberties being taken from them, were quickly aroused.

There followed a series of ridiculous maneuvers on the part of the palace and its backers to isolate Papandreou, to woo his followers, to weaken his party, to smear all his supporters as "Communists." None of these tactics has worked. Whatever the outcome of the present crisis may be (and a military dictatorship is not impossible), the basic internal struggle will continue.

The Greek people still want real political democracy and an amount of social democracy. If they have to go to the extreme Left—because they come to feel, however mistakenly, that it will satisfy their needs, demands and aspirations—they will do so. Indeed, they are doing so right now—because *their* government was imperiously snatched from them.

No one in Greece—except perhaps the Establishment — can answer a simple question: Why is the Communist movement so strong in Greece today? Fifteen years ago, the party was outlawed after having launched and lost a cruel civil war. Some 65,000 to 80,000 Communists fled across the northern borders. The party mechanism was completely destroyed. The few Communists who remained were imprisoned for many years, and when they came out were broken men. A ruthless Right persecuted even the slightest hint of Communist sympathy. Government departments, organizations, faculties, clergy were all "purged" of left-wing "influences." Quasi-official gangs of right-wing thugs terrorized the country while governments winked. Why, then, after fifteen years, is there a strong Communist movement in Greece?

The Establishment at present does not worry unduly about the Communists. The growing polarization of the country between extreme Right and Left, for which the palace and its backers are completely responsible, suits the Establishment well enough. It is confident that (with the help of the ever-ready army) it can handle the extreme Left. After all, both extremes use the same slogan: "It's we—or they."

What the Establishment fears most, as it now has shown, is a slow, steady erosion of its entrenched powers and privileges, by a moderate, progressive, welfare-state-oriented, worker-student-professional, bourgeois movement. It fears a bumbling, wily, mild old demagogue, who has held out his hand to the Greek people and offered them just a little bit of a better life.

The Tyranny of Charity . . . . . Wendell Berry

The furniture maker is at work in the shade of some box elder trees that grow on the slope of the road-fill out at the end of his yard. Two chair posts, held by a system of pegs and wedges as in a vise, are on the puncheon bench in front of him. He is cutting the mortises into which he will later insert hewn slats to make the back of the chair. He uses a sharpened screw driver as a chisel, driving it with a heavy hand ax. Nearby is another sort of home-made vise, this one made by pinning the longer member of an inverted tree-fork into a mortise in another puncheon bench, so that the shape is roughly that of the figure 4. This he uses to hold pieces to be shaped with a drawing knife; he sits in a low chair at the end of the bench, holding his foot against the leg of the 4, by that leverage supplying the holding power of the vise.

This morning's work does not take place at any point on an assembly line. From the tree in the woods to the finished chair, the materials are handled by no hands but the furniture maker's own. In the process he uses only a few simple tools: a crosscut saw, an ax, a hand ax, a drawing knife, an auger, a pocket-knife, a rasp, and the screw driver sharpened into a mortising chisel. He also has a press which he uses to set the desired curves into chair backs and rockers. One needs to see him at work in order to understand how adequately his patient craftsmanship performs tasks that are usually done now by machines.

While he works, four of his children, who have come there to the shady place with him, play with the tools he is not using or swing in the swings he has made for them in the box elders.

Held in such narrow focus, revealing only the man at work and the few primitive tools, the scene might be thought to belong to some happily simple time in the past. But it is not in the past, and it is not happy. It belongs to the coal country of East Kentucky in the summer of 1965; it belongs to the tragedy of that country and its people, and to the shame, acknowledged or not, of what some still like to call "the American way of life."

The furniture maker, who moved down onto the state road in the hope that he might sell some of his work to passers-by and travelers, lives in an old scale-house once used by a coal company to weigh trucks. The house is built of rough-sawed lumber, covered with the rather flimsy material called brick-siding; it has had no upkeep for years, and one can see that in cold weather it must be next to impossible to heat. The yard is partly a fill of coal rubble, dumped and leveled around the house, which stands bare in the hot sun. It is the most meager home site imaginable, starkly and heavily ugly, sterile and coal-stained and raw. The children who play and swing there in the shade are poorly clothed. Only the 7-year-old girl attends school, but the furniture maker and his wife will be depen-

Wendell Berry is a poet, now living in Kentucky. His latest collection of poems is The Broken Ground *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

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dent again this fall on the uneasy charity that gives away secondhand clothes. The furniture maker speaks of his distress over the presence of a "store" in the child's school. The store sells popsicles and candy and such to the children, and it is one of the furniture maker's cruel burdens, for it requires him either to send the child to school with nickels he can't afford or have the family's poverty made painfully obvious to her — and all her classmates — every day.

Unable to live by his work, the furniture maker is dependent on the government's welfare program, the benefits of which are somewhat questionable, since if he sells any of his work his welfare payments are diminished accordingly, and so he stands little or no chance of improving his situation by his own effort. Only the workman's loving pride in his work can explain why he has continued to make any effort at all.

Getting out of the car there at the edge of the road, standing up to face that black yard and the bitter shambles of a house, you are inclined to forget the good you know of the place, and to be overcome by a foreboding of hopelessness that by being theirs is also mysteriously yours. It becomes a strong temptation to get back into the car and drive away, to take refuge in the thousand lies we have invented to justify the divine right to be mindlessly rich.

But once you have come upon the furniture maker at his work this initial pressing of futility is, if not replaced, at least driven back by the excellence of the workmanship being accomplished with those crude tools in defiance of the poverty of place and circumstance. And this is supported by the sight of a large well-tended garden down in the creek bottom; the furniture maker is attempting to sell some of the produce in a makeshift stand beside the road, and his wife has been busy canning and preserving.

There comes the awareness, as it still must come here and there throughout the Kentucky mountains, that as a measure of the depth of misery there still remains a height of pride — a sort of last stand of hopefulness shaped in a neat garden, a few flowers in bloom. It may be only because of this that the misery itself does not yet represent the dead end of vision. One can bear the knowledge of the furniture maker's situation because there remains in the man himself the promise as well as the hope of something better.

Though the furniture maker's house and household wear the look of long poverty that is commonplace in the region, there are significant differences between his predicament and that of most. For while most of the poor have become so because of the lack of employment, the furniture maker still applies himself industriously to his work. And while the majority are handicapped by lack of skills, the furniture maker is a consummate craftsman. While the mentality of most has been conditioned by a long dependence on coal company and union, the furniture maker is self-employed and in full possession of the discipline and pride of the craftsman who is his own boss. And in a region, moreover, which has suffered a thorough social upheaval in the change from a dependence on the land to a dependence on industry, the furniture maker came to his work by inheritance. Asked how he learned his craft, he replies: "It come to me from my ancestors."

The furniture maker's predicament is that though he has work, it is work that is very near to being useless and meaningless. He is prevented, as I have said, from using it to augment his income from the welfare program. And he is bound to the program by his inability to make a living entirely from his work. He lacks, for one thing, a dependable market. Such furniture as he makes is either not sufficiently valued by enough people to assure a market, or the affluent passers-by who are his potential customers simply refuse to believe that anything of value could be produced in such a sorry-looking place. For another thing, he is so slowed by his old tools that he could hardly make more furniture than he does even if he had more customers. It takes him, for instance, about a month to make one of the large rocking chairs that bring from $70 to $90. He can sell only three or four of these a year, and most of his time is taken up by articles from which he earns much less.

For fear that this will seem to anyone to be a sentimental defense of an anachronism, I hurry to say that this man's work, particularly in his chairs, is among the finest I have ever seen. The chairs are certainly the strongest and best made of their kind that I know of. They are beautifully proportioned and balanced. Such ornamentation as is used is modest, and tasteful in a way that transcends fashionableness. They are made to last a lifetime and more, and their strength is achieved without expense of grace. It is hard to think of a room, rich or poor, that would not be dignified by the presence of one of them, and impossible to imagine a householder who would need to condescend to own one.

This, then, is an exceptional man. But if his troubles are not typical of the region, they are nevertheless indigenous to it, and are peculiarly revealing of the region's troubles. His fate cannot be separated from the fate of his land. Like every poor man in East Kentucky, he is suffering from the deficiency of schools and opportunities in a land sold out by the greed of its elected officials, and systematically plundered by the coal companies. If the truth were not already available to anyone who cares to know it in Harry Caudill's *Night Comes to the Cumberlands*, it would be almost mathematically demonstrable that a land of such wealth could have been reduced to such poverty only by fraud. (The region itself is *not* poor; the big money did not come there to get lost.) That the land and its people could have been so far brought down is explainable only by the failure of governors to govern and legislators to legislate and judges to judge, in the interest of those they are sworn to serve — only by the subservience of our governmental ideals to the stupidity and greed of officials who have been willing to justify, by a spurious rhetoric of free enterprise, the right of the rich to get richer, by any means, at anybody's expense.

It is not possible to escape the irony of the fact that the furniture maker — a man of skill and industry, whose craft is itself one of the valuable resources of his region and nation, and who is engaged constantly in making products of great beauty and usefulness — is destitute in America, now. This, it must be remembered, is the very man whose promise the American Government was established to redeem. By all our public claims he ought to be one of the prime beneficiaries of our system. As it is, he is its victim. And if *he*, with his skill and his devoted effort, has wound up un-

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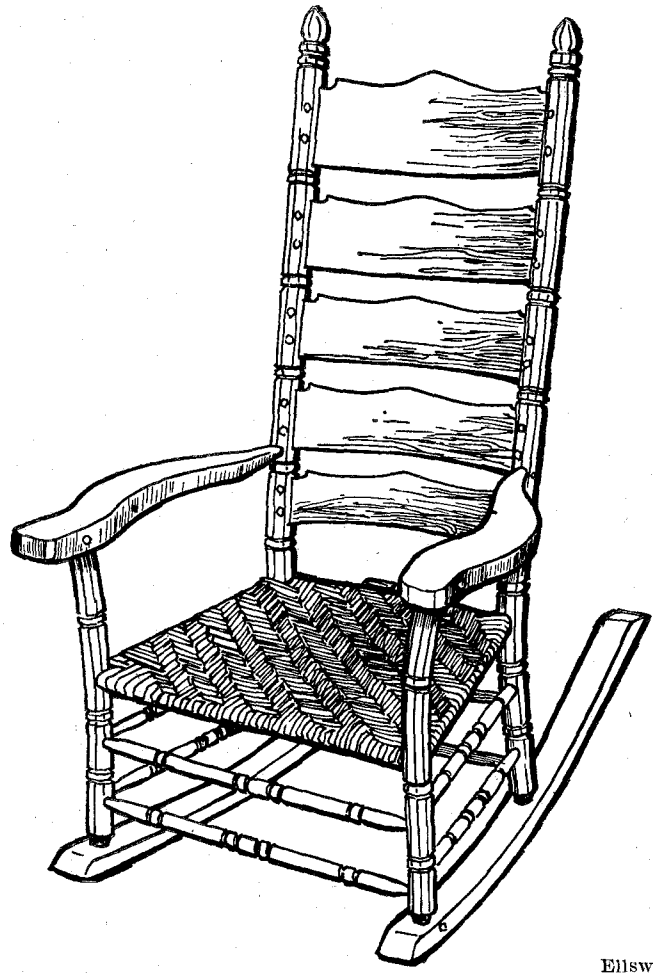
der the heels of the exploiters, what hope can there be for those who are less able?

The reaction of good sense to this man's predicament can only be to ask: Instead of food stamps, why not tools? The food-stamp program, set up as it is to neutralize whatever income is earned by personal effort, is clearly stifling to ambition, making it certainly much easier, if not more remunerative as well, to do nothing. On the other hand, the few power tools which would be necessary to increase the man's productivity (perhaps enough to make him independent of government giveaways) would probably cost a good deal less than a year's supply of food stamps. The gift of tools, which would honor the capacity of the man to survive the troubles of his region and to support himself, would look toward a just end of the federal intervention in the region. The gift of food alone, whether or not limited to an established minimum, can lead only to an endless dependence on governmental charity — in which case charity becomes no more than a subtle form of oppression. If a man continues long in direct and absolute dependence on the government for the necessities of life, he ceases to be a citizen and becomes a slave.



Ellsworth Taylor

The federal government has made no attempt to deal with the furniture maker in terms of his particular abilities and needs. And the Division of Arts and Crafts of the state government, which would be thought the most logical source of help, seems completely puzzled by him: his output is too small, the quality and price too high. The state seems prepared to encourage only such arts and crafts as can be mass produced at dime-store prices. One gathers that the emphasis is entirely on sales, and that no consideration at all is given to the quality of the work or the integrity of the workman. The division's sole impulse in dealing with the furniture maker is to "change" him — which is to say to diminish and cheapen him. His only hope, the division feels, is to reduce the quality of his work in order to raise the volume and lower the price, or make something more marketable — souvenir whistles, for instance. Nobody seems to have considered the possibility that it would be most natural, and even most expedient, to help him to make a living by doing what he already does supremely well. Nobody seems to know how he might get hold of some tools.

The truth is that the furniture maker is the dependent of his region in a more meaningful and crucial way than he ever will be the dependent of any government. And the measures that will lead to his recovery are those that will lead to the recovery of the region.

But at this moment East Kentucky is caught in the relentless grind of governmental cross-purposes. The federal government is there, carrying out various programs to assure that everybody will eat. Under the circumstances that is commendable. But it is commendable only as a temporary expedient. To be worthy of admiration in any final sense, government help will have to accomplish the result of making itself unnecessary. It must be acknowledged both by the government and the people that the charity programs can do no more than the minimum — can only prevent starvation. An agency or bureau or institution cannot exercise taste and judgment, cannot be motivated by love or compassion, cannot value a man for his industry or his art or his pride; they are abstractions themselves and must deal with people as abstractions.

To give a man bread when he needs a tool is as inept and unfeeling as to give him a stone when he needs bread, and this painful clumsiness is inherent in the generalizations of the social planners and the organized charities. Their most "humane" endeavors almost necessarily involve an attitude toward humanity that debases it. The tendency to deal with individual citizens exclusively in terms of the abstractions of their class or condition is to strike at the very foundation of American liberty, which was established to safeguard the possibility and the right of escape from such abstractions—the right to become exceptional. For the government to treat the furniture maker simply as one of the Appalachian poor is not only to insult and threaten him as an individual but to work at the destruction of the possibility that such craftsmen will ever live in the country again. To wage a "war on poverty" in such a way as to encourage the exceptional to be-

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come ordinary would seem to imply an expectancy of defeat.

The furniture maker possesses the skill and the industry and the pride that make envisionable for him the personal triumph on which most of our ideas of human worth and dignity depend: the triumph of making a living in the work of one's choice, by one's own effort, by the use of one's own gifts. And this triumph is completely beyond the reach of any government or bureau. It cannot be achieved except by a man's own doing. What government *can* do — and this has always been one of the acknowledged functions of government — is to create and protect a condition in which personal effort is meaningful.

But having established, and given extravagant publicity to the necessarily superficial expedient of feeding the hungry, the government seems to be doing little to bring about the economic health of the region. In can be said, in fact, that the government is tacitly abetting the further gutting of the region by the coal companies. The history of the greed and irresponsibility of these companies in East Kentucky does not need repeating. It only needs to be added that as this is being written strip mining is going on there at an unprecedented rate — in a silence of federal power which seriously threatens all corrective efforts of the state. And it needs to be said that this sort of mining involves not only the further departure of the region's wealth, with little or no benefit to the region, but the irreparable destruction of the region itself.

In the face of this crisis, which demands prompt and decisive action, the federal government has embarked on a two-year "study." For two years, then, nothing is likely to be done. And the bulldozers will grind on in a destructiveness surpassing that of any war or natural calamity; the mine owners will grow richer; the people will grow poorer; the possibilities of the region will be steadily and rapidly diminished. To anyone who has watched a strip mine being worked or has seen the results — the huge dead gashes in the mountain sides, timbered slopes inundated by avalanches of sterile overburden, streams poisoned by acids and choked with rocks and mud, wells made unfit for use, the land and the homes of citizens destroyed — this two-year study is baffling and astonishing. It is not possible to imagine why it should take two years to "study" a situation that could be shown to be critical — to anyone with a live intelligence — in two days. Here again one smells the stench of the political fraud and bureaucratic paralysis that have begun to seem as natural to the region as coal.

Since the federal government is the largest customer (through TVA) of strip-mined coal, and consequently the chief depressor of coal prices and the chief discourager of the less destructive deep mining, one must wonder if there is any real intention to do more for the region than to ask the best and the worst to come together to eat out of the government's hand.

Can We Live With Our Cars?

Elinor C. Guggenheimer

Within the memory of a number of people still alive, the first horseless carriages appeared on our dirt roads and cobbled streets. They were as amusing to watch as a baby, moving from the creeping to the toddling stage. They were the toys of tinkerers and of a handful of the rich. Certainly, no one at the turn of the century could have foreseen the "automobile explosion," but a few visionaries did predict some of the changes which were about to occur. Henry James remarked that the automobile would be "a great transformer of life and of the future"; Thomas Alva Edison announced that the horse was doomed. But the average man, possessed of average common sense, enjoyed the satisfaction of advising the cranks — and the crankers—to "get a horse."

When General Motors was formed in 1908, the notion that its welfare could ever be thought synonymous with that of the United States would have seemed absurd. During the almost sixty years since then, the automobile has wrought staggering changes in our economy and our society. One thing remains true, however: what is good for General Motors, or Ford, or for the manufacturers of foreign cars now flooding in through our ports, is not necessarily good for all the people of the United States. Furthermore, what is currently good for the industry may be creating excesses that will curtail the usefulness of its product.

Automotive "progress" has been responsible for the irresistible thrusts of asphalt into our parks and meadow lands, across our countryside and along our river edges. It has ripped up our trees and has leveled the land contours in the rural areas; it has choked up the streets and polluted the air of our cities; and its omnivorous need for facilities to serve its purposes has devoured our land. We are today the blessed beneficiaries of progress. We are also its victims!

Recently, the President's Conference on Natural Beauty paid a great deal of attention to the matter of highways. Principally, the conferees were concerned with billboards that detracted from vistas which would otherwise delight passing motorists. Relatively little attention was paid, however, to the fact that highways, in and of themselves, frequently destroy important natural areas.

It is not unusual today to see parks, which once represented the last reservation of natural land for city dwellers, lacerated by highways that leave the park areas fragmented. It is always simpler to build highways through open areas, and parks are natural prey. But even residential areas are not immune. Some of our finest homes and some of our most precious landmarks have disappeared before the onward march of roads.

Elinor C. Guggenheimer is Commissioner of New York's City Planning Commission.

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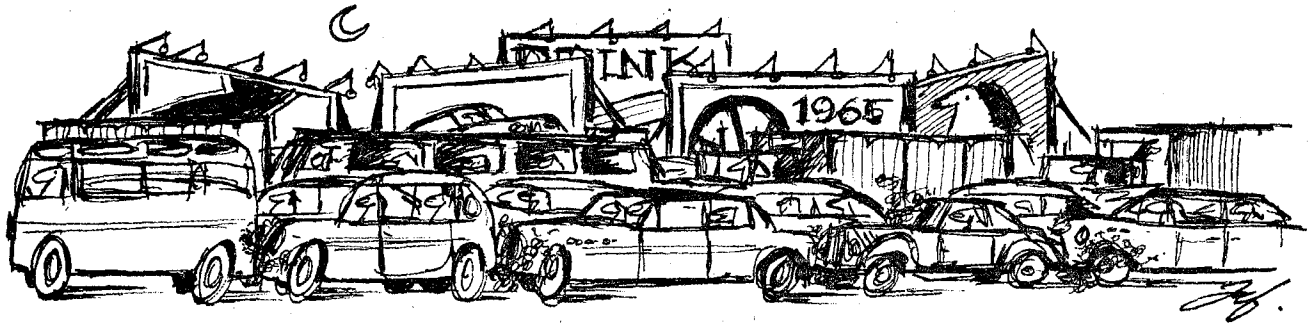

Highway engineers are inevitably preoccupied with insuring economy and efficiency. The automobile industry is preoccupied with increasing the demand for cars. And automobile owners are interested in improving travel in general and increasing the range of their cars. The answer for all three, until recently, has been the building of more and better highways, with more and better interconnecting links and spaghetti-like interchanges. Relatively few people, until recently, have spoken out for the trees and the wild-life areas, and the pleasant sloping countrysides that are disappearing.

On through the decades, as highways have improved and as mass production has made the automobile more available, accessory demands have arisen. First of all, because of the automobile's limited life, "burial grounds" or junkyards, are necessary. Secondly, the turnover in cars, induced by constant improvements, has accounted for a tremendous secondhand car-lot development. The growing number of automobiles require a growing number of service stations; and the growing number of motorists require recreation and refreshments. The entrances to our cities have been made hideous by "automobile rows"; by the string of shopping centers surrounded by seas of parked cars; by drive-in movies and neon-lit hamburger joints. But even so, roads and facilities barely keep pace with the rising demands of the automobile. Road planners frequently predict bumper-to-bumper traffic on highways and expressways that have not yet been completed.

The automobile has encouraged the development of metropolitan areas, and it is within metropolitan areas that the impact of traffic is greatest. Highways leading into cities are frequently built by authorities that are not controlled by the city government itself. Traffic generated by new and better highway systems streams into the core areas of cities and strangles them.

Furthermore, the automobile makes the most inefficient possible use of existing pavement. Recently, a member of the New York City Transit Authority, in a letter urging that more attention be paid to the problems of mass transportation, pointed out that in "1911 a horse-drawn truck could speed through the city streets at 11 miles an hour. Today, automobiles are forced to crawl at an average speed of 6 miles an hour when crossing Manhattan." In peak hours a 9-foot-wide lane in town centers can accommodate per hour 16,000 persons on foot; between 5,600 and 18,000 by bus (depending on the capacity of the bus) and 40,000 persons per track by rapid transit. In contrast to this, a 9-foot-wide lane in a town center can accommodate only 1,200 persons traveling by car. In actuality, the figures become even more startling because cars are rarely filled to capacity. The average number of persons per car, traveling in cities, is 1.5 to 1.7, rising at peak hours to 1.84. To put it a different way, three lanes of autos in one direction carry 4,100 persons per hour, and one local plus one express track carry 100,000 to 120,000 persons per hour. Sooner or later we must face the fact that if people are to move around a city freely they must forsake the automobile.

Merchants in the central business district of most cities urge more parking lots, because without adequate parking arrangements they cannot compete with suburban shopping centers. But parking lots generate traffic. They attract cars by their presence and they clog adjoining streets during hours when people are entering or leaving the lots or garages. Parking lots are useful for attracting customers only if they are convenient; if approaches to them become too clogged and the waiting period is too long they do not serve the purpose for which they are intended.

London, Paris, Rome and Tokyo

Every day, in the Bay Area alone, our automobiles pump 6,400 *tons* of pollutants into the air we breathe.

In Los Angeles, 7.5 million gallons of gasoline are burned every day, and in downtown Los Angeles, man has given *more than two-thirds* of the land surface to the automobile — in streets, access roads, freeways, interchanges, parking space and service stations.

Last year in California, almost 5,000 people were killed in car accidents. That amounted, in numbers, to wiping out the population of, say, Sausalito. More than 215,000 people were injured—and that's about the number of people who live in California's capital city.

The new automobiles which roar into life each year in California outnumber the number of babies born here.

This year the state government will spend (including subventions to local governments) *more than $1.25 billion* on highways and other direct costs of the automobile. That's $70 for every man, woman, child and infant in the state. And it doesn't include the tragic and inestimable costs of loss of life, human injury and property damage. . . .

The point is not to condemn the automobile, or to suggest that its disadvantages outweigh its advantages. I mean to say that as citizens of California we must begin *now* to examine all the implications of the automobile—and its proper role as merely one means of meeting the transportation needs of modern man. And I mean to say that transportation is only one of many compelling problems of common concern.

Excerpt from an address delivered by Alan Cranston, State Controller, to the Commonwealth Club of California, Aug. 6, 1965

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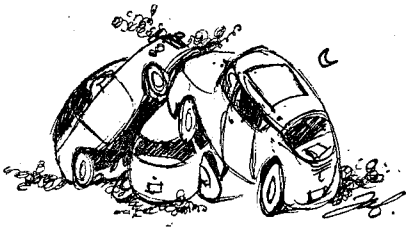
have joined the long list of cities undertaking studies and expressing deep concern for the steadily worsening traffic situations. In some instances cities have barred cars in sections of downtown areas. This is a drastic solution which orderly control might be able to avoid. The Buchanan report ("Traffic in Towns," London, 1963) states in a sentence what will happen in the absence of control: "The rising tide of cars will not put a stop to itself until it has almost put a stop to the traffic, essential and non-essential alike."

Traffic congestion has also contributed to the problem of air pollution. Even if the fumes from automobiles are not the major cause of air pollution, they are extremely unpleasant. At best they can be



called a nuisance and, at worst, a health hazard. In California, motor-vehicle exhaust is recognized as perhaps the major source of atmospheric pollution. Congress has taken recent notice of this, and exhaust-suppressive devices to be installed in new cars should help. However, the devices now proposed will be only partially effective, and additional research is required.

Congress has grown restive over more than pollution. It is worried also about safety—about tires, padded dashboards, collapsible steering wheels, anti-skid devices, laminated safety glass, and a variety of other safety devices, to cut the always appalling accident rate. Sen. Abraham Ribicoff has been leading the efforts to improve the mechanical safety of cars.

Service stations and parking lots are meeting more and more opposition. New zoning resolutions attempt to exclude them from as many districts as possible. Industry has never been concerned about the appearance of service stations, secondhand car lots or other accessory uses. Many of them are decorated with wrecks. The advertising signs, the posters and the varicolored flags hanging like dirty underwear are an affront. In general, they have a downgrading effect on the area surrounding them.

The shopping centers, with their container-type architecture, are changing the roadside all over the country. Our finest architects take pride in the construction of major office and residential buildings, and of airport facilities. But their contributions to our cities are overshadowed by the vulgar design of the service station and the tasteless landscaping, or total lack of site planning, associated with parking facilities. Suggestions for improving such facilities, if they were publicized by the federal government, might raise the standards of some of our shortsighted entrepreneurs.

A good many communities are waging war against new highways. Recently, a California proposal to route freeways through certain established communities brought an all-out battle. In Bronxville, N.Y., citizens took up arms against bulldozers that were uprooting trees in an expressway widening. This battle was lost, but the spirit of revolution is growing and it is evident that uncontrolled highway construction will not much longer be feasible. Sooner or later, determined citizens will rout the bulldozers and an entire highway plan may go down to defeat. If such a highway is part of an organized plan it will mean the disruption of that plan. It is essential, therefore, that the controls be established by government before orderly planning is destroyed by revolution.

No easy contraceptive pill exists to counteract the "automobile explosion," and discipline will have to be applied if the automobile is to be kept a servant of human welfare. The problem is national, and the time has come for the federal government to assume leadership. The President should establish a commission, consisting of the Secretaries of Commerce, Interior, Labor, Defense and the new Department of Urban Affairs. In addition to these government officials, the commission should include top management and labor representatives from the automotive industries, and from all accessory industries; city planners; representatives of the American Institute of Architects; and representatives from the Society of Landscape Architects. The commission should be instructed to submit to the President and to the nation concrete suggestions for the planned future development of our highways and carefully designed recommendations for the construction and disposition of roadside facilities.

It should give special attention to the problems of central cities, since three-quarters of our citizens reside in cities. It should recommend plans for routing traffic around the cities and for increased subsidies to rapid transit and commuter systems. It should propose zoning patterns that will enable communities to control the design as well as the location of automotive facilities. The Buchanan report refers to "the magnitude of the emergency that is coming upon us and the inspiration of the challenge it presents." It states further that "we are nourishing at immense cost a monster of great potential destructiveness." I do not subscribe to the theory that the automobile is a monster—it is merely a child that is being allowed to run wild. It has served us well in emergencies and disasters. It has brought pleasure to millions and it has moved forward, not merely the passengers it carries, but the entire world. Nevertheless, it has desecrated the landscape, strangled cities, and left behind it a choking atmosphere of polluted air and a string of Kustard Kastles. Today, the automobile is ravening. We can continue to feed its inexhaustible appetite or we can put it on a diet that will enable us to live with it. Planned automobile-hood is overdue!

So far this year, 13,857 junked cars have been picked up by Department of Sanitation tow-truck crews. During 1964, 23,386 were removed. In 1960, the department dealt with only 2,500 such encumbrances. The present annual cost of towing abandoned cars from the city's streets to a department depot, plus the storage of the vehicle for twenty days under current legal procedure, is estimated at more than half a million dollars. In 1964, approximately half of the abandoned cars were sold at public auction, netting the city $102,479. The remaining unsalable cars constituted a massive storage and handling problem until they were finally disposed of in Department of Sanitation land fills.

From statements made by the N. Y. Department of Sanitation

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The Goals of the Group

THE LOST UNIVERSE. By Gene Weltfish. Basic Books. 506 pp. $12.50.

THE LONG DEATH: The Last Days of the Plains Indians. By Ralph K. Andrist. The Macmillian Co. 371 pp. $8.95.

D'Arcy McNickle

Except that they deal with Indian subject matter, *The Long Death* and *The Lost Universe* are in no respects comparable. Their methods are different, their purposes are different, yet each in its own way is a compelling narrative.

Mr. Andrist has had part of his experience writing radio documentaries, and the text of *The Long Death* reflects that experience. It is visual and auditory, full of the movement and the clatter of charging bodies of men. When he interrupts the headlong dash of his narrative to analyze Indian character, or government policy, or citizen action in behalf of peaceful frontier solutions, he becomes tendentious, even tedious. No one, Indian or white, emerges a full hero; no one is intelligently or humanely motivated. It is a surface account of the long agony of Indian defeat—bitter, caustic, denigrating.

The author does not limit his narrative to the Plains Indians of his title but leaps over the mountains to the Pacific Northwest to trace the matchless retreat of Chief Joseph and his Nez Percés followers and to relate Captain Jack's tragic effort to hold his Modoc country. These were moving events in the total Indian story and one does not regret their inclusion.

One has more serious difficulties with the book's thesis. The Wounded Knee massacre was, indeed, a sorrowful day for the Plains Indians, but it was not the end. A way of life was ruthlessly closed out, but the Indians endured. There are more Sioux today than there were in 1890, while the traits of character, the attitudes and the values which are identifiably Indian, still operate and confound all predictions about the "Vanishing American."

The how and why of this survival will be found in Dr. Weltfish's scholarly but highly readable study of the Pawnee Indians. *The Lost Universe* is an account of a single year, a full calendar round, in which the secular and religious activities of the people are detailed. The year is 1867, a time when Pawnee observances still made up an integrated way of life, though the population had been severely reduced by disease and warfare.

Estimated at some 12,000 in the 1830s, the tribe, consisting of four separate bands, numbered less than 4,000 in 1859 when it settled on the Loup River near what is now Genoa, Neb., following a treaty with the United States. This study of the Pawnee, by making explicit the values embedded in the society of one of the great Plains tribes, supplies what is missing from the Andrist volume. It also heightens the sense of tragedy for what was destroyed.

The apparent reluctance of the Indians to fight during the winter months, for example, might leave one wondering about their stamina. They seemed not to learn that "the Army did not stop making war" merely because the grass withered and traveling became difficult, Mr. Andrist observes. Mr. Andrist, in telling us this, also tells us of their repeated failure to post guards around camp and the frequency with which they were slaughtered in surprise attacks. One wonders if these could be the same people who appear in story and picture, always spying out the enemy or disappearing into the landscape when matched against a superior force.

Possible answers to both questions, and to many others, are at least suggested by what Dr. Weltfish tells us of the Pawnees. For these Indians, and perhaps for most of the Plains Indians, the winter months were the months when the people returned from their journeys to become one people again, to relate their exploits and to renew the ceremonies which made them one people set apart from all others. The warm-weather months were too crowded with activity for these necessary observances.

The shrewder of the army commanders made the most of this trait by defeating camp after camp in the later years of the war on the Plains. It was not lack of stamina—most of the tribes went out on midwinter hunts while the buffalo were still fat and easily hunted in the deep snow—but faithfulness to a way of life. Winter was not for fighting, and a pursuing army could not alter so fundamental an aspect of the moral order.

As to the question of posting sentinels to guard against surprise attacks, Dr. Weltfish suggestively writes that "they were a well-disciplined people under many trying circumstances. And yet they had none of the power mechanisms that we consider essential to a well-ordered life. No orders were ever issued. No assignments for work were ever made. . . . The only instigator of action was the consenting person." Even in so critical an area of public safety as the posting of camp guards, the will of the individual governed. According to Dr. Weltfish, a young man would say, "I think I'll go up to the sentry post early tomorrow morning." A friend would respond, "I think I'll do that too." In due course as many men as were needed would have volunteered.

It is conceivable, under such a system of individual consent, that there would be temporary lapses, moments when the guard was down. Any democratic society based on the consent of the governed is vulnerable to sneak attack from a militant neighbor.

The Pawnee system of individual consent brings us to one of the central themes of the book, for Dr. Weltfish is manifestly interested in the meaning of democracy, as practiced by this tribe, which lived in the Missouri River basin for more than 600 years—a longer time perspective than archaeologists of the area formerly reckoned with. She asked repeatedly how the people managed to live together without centralized authority and could find no instance in which a political leader, a priest, or even a senior member of a household

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presumed to give orders at large or to another individual. Even formal discussion for the purpose of arriving at a consensus was not a general procedure. When asked how plans were worked out, who discussed them, the informant would answer, "They didn't discuss it at all. They don't talk about it. It goes along just as it happens to work out."

Social forms, she decided, "were carried within the consciousness of the people, not by others who were in a position to make demands." For such a system to operate, as this one did for a longer period than most modern democracies have existed, participation had to be universal, the autonomy of the individual had to be inviolable, and the individual had to be internally disciplined and responsible, not for himself alone, but for the entire group within which he functioned.

What brought down the Pawnees was not a failure in the society but diseases against which they had no immunity; competition with the Sioux, intensified by a shrinking economic base; and finally by the total destruction of that base, the buffalo herds. And behind all of this was the incoming white man, who practiced a democracy in which every man wants to be king.

The development of the individual within his society is yet another part of the question raised by Pawnee democracy, which Dr. Weltfish explores. "One thing is clear," she writes, "no one is caught within the social order . . . each person stands as his own person." The child was born into a community, but was never swallowed up by it. From the beginning he was made to feel that his identity was with the infinite cosmos, as the roundhouse within which he lived served as a central observation post from which the movements of the planets and the stars were calculated for ceremonial purposes.

Affection came from many sources, in varying degrees of kinship intimacy, but affection never became a smothering overprotection. "The special concern of his mother did not mean that he was so closely embedded with her emotionally that he was not able to move about." Move about he did, to the homes of his uncles, his half-brothers, his grandparents, always certain of food and warmth, "and there was no reason why he should hesitate to set out alone and explore the wide world, even though years should pass before he returned." The world, indeed, was his home. Dr. Weltfish contends that "it is not easy for us to perceive the wide gap in kind between Pawnee society and our own, and yet in the face of all the terrible events of the past and the pressure to destroy his personality, surely it must mean something that the American Indian has maintained his identity among us."

If the meaning of Pawnee identity eludes us at this moment in time, the occasion may yet arise when we find ourselves retracing the social development of these once despised denizens of the Plains for the threads of continuity which successfully carried them beyond disaster.

One such thread certainly was the individual—not the social form or the institution, which may stifle individual growth and in any case is a temporal creation of fallible men. The Pawnees were fortunate in that they were born into a fluid society. "The individual personality was not trimmed down to fit the kin structure, but the structure was used to realize the individual personality. The Pawnee social structure was written into no statute books, nor did it have the status of doctrine, and there was no chain of command to enforce it."

With freedom to move and to grow, the individual carried out his commitment to the group, not because of coercive sanctions or internalized guilt, but because in his own searching for goals he was realizing the goals of the group. "His aspiration [was] not to surpass some one else, but to go beyond his own past achievements." And therefore, his aspirations, even his personal name, were secrets which he shared discreetly, if ever. To speak publicly of such matters was to invite competition and conflict.

In such a society, the individual was the keystone. This, the Pawnee, as well as other Indians, understood. Which perhaps is the ultimate explanation of why the Indian people have kept their identity through all adversity. After all forms had crumbled, the man stood revealed.

On that final point, having reminded us that the problems of our bomb-ridden, automated age "call for drastic revisions in our age-old motivations," Dr. Weltfish concludes that "it is within the individual that the universe will be regained."

This, also, the Pawnees knew.

Reflections on Gaols

ON THE PENITENTIARY SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS APPLICATION IN FRANCE. By Gustave de Beaumont and Alexis de Tocqueville. Southern Illinois University Press. 222 pp. $6.

Norval Morris

In May of 1831, Alexis de Tocqueville, aged 26, and Gustave de Beaumont, aged 29, arrived in the United States to spend ten months, at their own expense but under official French auspices, studying American penitentiaries and houses of refuge. They published *On the Penitentiary System in the United States and Its Application in France* in Paris and in Philadelphia in 1833, the English translation being the work of Francis Lieber. Compared with Tocqueville's remarkably prescient *Democracy in America*, also in part the product of his observations and discussions on this trip, his survey with Beaumont of American penitentiaries is little known; it is nevertheless a graceful and thoughtful study of importance to the history of correctional theory and practice, and its republication by Southern Illinois University Press, with an excellent concise introduction by Prof. Thorsten Sellin, is commendable.

In 1833, unlike today, much philosophical literature, many shapely essays, and an abundance of learned pamphlets were devoted to problems of penal sanctions; suddenly, similar interests are being forced upon all of us, though they have not yet attracted, as they did in the early 19th century, the better minds of the day. Of course, all was not then rational argument and sober planning; the uplifting moral precept of a high degree of practical irrelevance was much in vogue. As Beaumont and Tocqueville comment: ". . . there are in America as well as in Europe, estimable men whose minds feed upon philosophical reveries, and whose extreme sensibility feels the want of some illusion."

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The pressure toward consideration of these topics today is less academic than practical, less theoretical than of threatening social significance, with crime in the streets an issue of national political interest, as well as of pressing importance to the inhabitants of the urban agglomerations that increasingly proliferate across the country. Yet what we still need is more—not less—theory; better validated guides to action, not more action for action's sake; more critical evaluation of what we are doing; and also, in the manner of Beaumont and Tocqueville, more intelligent ratiocination directed toward what might be, to the limits of the practical and feasible. And we want those who will not merely speculate and spin words but will measure and count, and like Beaumont and Tocqueville "have at least the advantage of giving to our arguments none but solid foundations."

It is often forgotten that the penitentiary, the state and federal prison as we now know it, is an American invention, and that if one wanted to study prisons in the first half of the 19th century it was to this country that one came. There were, of course, European and even Asian antecedents to the prison, but broadly, until the development of the Walnut Street Gaol in Philadelphia, the prison was not used for the punishment of serious crime anywhere in the world. The prison until then served a series of different purposes; if one went to an English prison, say in 1780, one would find there three groups of inmates: First, those awaiting trial or appeal against their convictions or sentences; secondly, debtors, civil and criminal, awaiting the time when they or their friends could find the funds to purchase their release; and thirdly, those awaiting punishment which might be capital, corporal or the less than pleasant journey in a convict ship to the sunnier climes of Australia.

One would not find inmates imprisoned as a punishment. That idea first gained acceptance in Philadelphia and from there spread throughout the world with swift luxuriance. Beaumont and Tocqueville concisely tell this Philadelphia story as follows:

Though the penitentiary system in the United States is a new institution, its origin must be traced back to times already long gone by. The first idea of a reform in the American prisons belongs to a religious sect in Pennsylvania. The Quakers, who abhor all shedding of blood, had always protested against the barbarous laws which the colonies inherited from their mother country. In 1786, their voice succeeded in finding due attention, and from this period, punishment of death, mutilation and the whip were successively abolished in almost all cases by the Legislature of Pennsylvania. A less cruel fate awaited the convicts from this period. The punishment of imprisonment was substituted for corporal punishment, and the law authorized the courts to inflict solitary confinement in a cell during day and night, upon those guilty of capital crimes. It was then that the Walnut Street prison was established in Philadelphia.

The prison is again in process of rapid change. Correctional administrators and scholars devote themselves to developing and planning a variety of penal sanctions alternative to the walled banishment which is prison, and are aspiring to treat offenders with meaningful and effective control in the community in which they will live, whether or not they are temporarily banished. And even within the walls there is a gradual development away from the pachydermatous monsters which characterized penal institutions in this country and toward smaller prisons of diverse character, with and without walls, but with a milieu matched to the prisoners' various rehabilitative needs.

There is also a developing realization of the importance of more effective after care, in the community's interest, and of a variety of processes for the controlled and strongly supervised release of those we do have to banish to prison. But, when Beaumont and Tocqueville wrote, different issues exercised men's minds, and the central questions to which they addressed themselves were: Is the American system to be preferred to that of the Old World? Of this, they had no doubt; clearly it was. And within the American system is that of Pennsylvania or that of New York the better? Is the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia to be the model for French emulation, or should Auburn or Sing Sing in New York? They studied these questions in no cursory manner. For example, Tocqueville personally interviewed every prisoner in the Eastern Penitentiary and recorded what seemed to him the main points of these interviews.

Supporters of the two systems agreed that communication among prisoners must be prohibited to avoid moral contamination and to provide ample opportunity for unimpeded reflection, repentence and moral change; in Philadelphia this was achieved by the complete isolation of the offender in a solitary cell where he would live, sleep, eat and work, and from which he would be taken daily for still isolated periods of exercise; in New York this was to be achieved by solitary confinement in the cell at night but with labor in factory and workshop *in silence* throughout the day.

Beaumont and Tocqueville most carefully consider the respective advantages and disadvantages of these two systems. They recognized the extreme psychological pressure that the Philadelphia system imposed on the human mind and spirit, foreshadowing the fierce anger of Charles Dickens when he later looked at the same system, and the recent psychological research on the damaging effects of isolation. The New York system required less expensive prisons since the cells did not need to be so large, and it was not necessary to build a small exercise yard attached to each cell. They summarize the advantages, as they see them, of the penitentiary system of the United States over that of other countries, and express cautious preference for the New York system:

The advantages of the penitentiary system of the United States may then be classed in the following manner: (1) impossibility of the mutual corruption of the prisoners, (2) great probability of their contracting habits of obedience and industry, which render them useful citizens, (3) possibility of a radical reformation.

Though each of the establishments which we have examined aims at these three results, there are nevertheless, in this respect, some shades of difference, which distinguish the Auburn system from that of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia has, as we have already observed, the advantage over Auburn in respect to the first point. Indeed, the prisoners, separated by thick walls, can communicate with each other still less than those who are separated by silence only. The Auburn discipline guarantees the certainty that silence shall not be violated, but it is a mere moral certainty, subject to contradiction; while at Philadelphia, communication among the convicts is physically impossible.

The Philadelphia system being also that which produces the deep-

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The Birthday Dream

At the worst place in the hills above the city
Late at night I was driving cutting through
The overbalancing slums. There was no soul or body
In the streets. I turned right then left somewhere
Near the top dead-ending into a wall. A car
Pulled out and blocked me. Four men detached from it.
I got out too. It was Saturday night the thrill
Of trouble shimmered on the concrete. One shadow
Had a bottle of wine. I stood and said, Say, Buddy,
Give me a drink of that wine not at all fearing
Shaking as on anything but dream bones dream
Feet I would have. He said, We're looking for somebody
To beat up. It won't be me, I said and took him
By the arm with one hand and tossed him into the air.
Snow fell from the clearness in time for there
To be a snowbank for him to fall into elbow-first.
He got up, holding the wine. This guy is too big,
He said, he is too big for us; get the Professor.
Four of us stood together as the wind blew and the snow
Disappeared and watched the lights of the city
Shine some others appearing among them some
Going out and watched the lava-flow of headlights off
In the valley. Like a gunshot in the building next to us
A light went out and down came a middle-aged man
With a hairy chest; his gold-trimmed track shorts had
YMCA Instructor on them and I knew it was time
For the arm-game. We stretched out on our stomachs
On top of the dead-end wall. On one side was the drop
We had all been looking into and the other side sank
Away with my car with the men: two darks lifted
Us toward the moon. We put our elbows on the wall
And clasped palms. Something had placed gold-rimmed
Glasses of wine beside us apartment lights hung in them
Loosely and we lay nose to nose at the beginning
Of that ceremony; I saw the distant traffic cross him
From eye to eye. Slowly I started to push and he
To push. My body grew as it lay forced against his
But nothing moved. I could feel the blood-vessels
In my brow distend extend grow over the wall like vines
And in my neck swell like a trumpet-player's: I gritted
Into his impassive face where the far lights moved this is
What I want this is what I came for The city pulsed
And trembled in my arm shook with my effort for miles
In every direction and from far below in the dark
I heard the voices of men raised up in a cry of wild
Encouragement of terror joy as I strained to push
His locked hand down. I could not move him did not want
To move him would not yield. The world strove with my body
To overcome the highways shuddered writhed came apart
At the centerline far below us a silent train went by
A warning-light and slowly from the embodying air was loaded
With thousands of ghostly new cars in tiered racks
The light like pale wine in their tinted windshields.
The culture swarmed around me like my blood transfigured
By force. I put my head down and pushed with all my life
And writing sprang under my forehead onto the concrete:
Graffitti scratched with a nail a boot-heel an ice-pick
A tire-iron a scrap of metal from a stolen car saying
You are here and I woke
Entangled with my wife, who labored pled screamed
To bring me forth. The room was full of mildness. I was forty.

James Dickey

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est impressions on the soul of the convict, must effect more reformation than that of Auburn. The latter, however, is perhaps more conformable to the habits of men in society, and on this account effects a greater number of reformations, which might be called "legal," inasmuch as they produce the external fulfillment of social obligations.

If it be so, the Philadelphia system produces more honest men, and that of New York more obedient citizens. . . .

It is . . . this system which we should wish to see applied to our prisons, if the question were only to choose between the two.

Little of all this is believed today: for most prisoners we are happy enough if we do them no harm and turn them loose no worse than on the day they arrived. The socially protective function of prisons lies in its deterrent effect on others, but conditions within institutions seem largely irrelevant to that general deterrence, the ameliorated conditions of some modern smaller institutions serving equally well or badly for that purpose as the regime of the tougher lock-ups. We struggle for a few offenders—the younger, the first timers, and occasionally those with pronounced psychological or gross sociological disadvantages—to make of imprisonment a rehabilitative experience, but we are yet only on the threshold of this work.

In 1833, Beaumont and Tocqueville offered the view, which is now gradually gaining acceptance that "the number, more or less considerable, of crimes, and even their decrease or increase, may be owing to causes entirely foreign to the penitentiary system." It is fair to try to judge a correctional system in terms of recidivism, of the later conduct of its discharged inmates, but even this is a complicated enterprise in which easy comparisons between systems are peculiarly difficult; but it is at least fair to try to test in this way. It is quite unfair to try to judge a correctional system in terms of the rates of crime and delinquency in the community. The aims of the prison officer, of probation officers, of parole officers must be more modest and realistic than to encompass such gross social phenomena as the rates of criminality in the macrocosm of the community where a multiplicity of other social pressures are of preponderous weight.

A defect in this publication is that far too many people stand between Beaumont and Tocqueville and their public. But Prof. Thorsten Sellin's introduction interprets the climate of thinking and practice in France on correctional matters and is a necessary frame of reference in which to understand this survey of the American system. Both helpful and a masterful study in itself, it also strengthens Professor Sellin's position as the leading historian of penal methods. The same is not true of Francis Lieber who grossly exceeds his role of translator and assumes the function of wearisomely pretentious commentator on the authors' observations and conclusions. The editors have exorcised most of his wordy reflections from this edition and what remains could well have been similarly treated (it is remarkable that a man who can produce such strong and clear sentences as a translator writes with such circumlocution when expressing his own opinions). Likewise, the foreword by Prof. Herman R. Lantz adds little to the book, but is perhaps justified as an introduction to a series, "Perspectives in Sociology," of which this is the first volume, and which aims, so it is claimed, and I quote since I would hesitate to use such large words in public, "to bring together the richness from bordering disciplines in order to shed light on the social confrontations of man, in both time and space." The young French authors admirably fulfill this purpose, whatever it precisely is, and so does Thorsten Sellin. Together, they present an important vignette in the history of correctional methods and ideas.

What they wrote of the Walnut Street prison in Philadelphia has unhappy truth for most prisons: "It had two principal faults: it corrupted by contamination those who worked together. It corrupted by indolence, the individuals who were plunged into solitude." And they tell their wise story always with grace and with occasional wit: "Some persons believe that it would be extremely difficult to apply to women a system, the basis of which is silence."

Mad Old Man and the Sea

THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA. By Yukio Mishima. Translated from the Japanese by John Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. 181 pp. $3.95.

DIARY OF A MAD OLD MAN. By Junichiro Tanizaki. Translated from the Japanese by Howard Hibbett. Alfred A. Knopf. 177 pp. $3.95.

Harold Clurman

In his discursive guidebook, *The Kimono Mind,* Bernard Rudofsky entices the prospective tourist by saying: "Be prepared for the fact that in Japan there is no sin, original or otherwise." This come-hither suggestion is more austerely corroborated by the scholar G. B. Sansom in his cultural history of Japan when he notes: "The conception of sin, as distinct from uncleanliness, is wanting or rudimentary, and throughout their history the Japanese seemed to have retained in some measure this incapacity, or this reluctance to grapple with the problem of Evil. Such a statement, once committed to writing, forthwith challenges contradiction, but it represents, if imperfectly, a truth; and much that is baffling in the study of their history becomes clearer when one remembers that they have never been tortured by the sense of sin."

The Japanese then are essentially a *pagan* people. With us the word is usually confused with the notion of pleasure seeking. But pain is as much present to the pagan mind as pleasure. Both are realities which are viewed objectively—to be appreciated without judgment in terms of good and evil since both are equally inherent in the fact of existence.

In this light it is interesting to examine the two most recently published Japanese novels: Mishima's *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea* and Tanizaki's *Diary of a Mad Old Man.* Mishima, at 40, is Japan's leading young novelist; Tanizaki, now 79, is the grand old man of Japanese letters.* Their two novels, though dissimilar in aesthetic approach, still reveal basic characteristics. While profoundly of their own land and culture, they attain a fascinating universality.

Superficially *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea* (this is not the untranslatable original title) is a horror story of juvenile

*The news of Tanizaki's death was received after this review was written.

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delinquency. A group of adolescents, a little "clan" of well-born 13- and 14-year-old boys, conspire to kill a man, the husband newly wed to the mother of one of their number. In their eyes he is a sailor who has fallen from grace with the sea: he has renounced the sea to settle down as the manager of a luxury shop in Yokohama which his wife owns. To the gang the sea stands for freedom, detachment from society, the ultimate truth. It removes men from the crassness of workaday preoccupations.

We are reminded, to begin with, of the children in Dostoevsky and Gide whose crimes express the innate evil of mankind, gratuitous and mindless. But in Mishima's novel the children are nihilists because they are absolute idealists. They train themselves in detachment by such exercises as the killing of a cat, followed by its dismemberment and disemboweling. Their "chief" asserts that they must rise above error and vulgarity by which their parents, or society in general, are besmirched. They strive to achieve "absolute dispassion." Sex itself for them is not only an unworthy but an insignificant activity. The sailor of the story—he is an officer on a merchant ship—is a hero to them so long as he remains one, free from the taint of mundane commerce. When he consents to join the commonplace citizenry, he must be done away with as a traitor.

Curiously, the sailor himself shares his assailants' sentiments. He too feels that his marriage entails a corruption, a descent into the sloth which his killers call "impermissible things," the ordinary traffic of life.

More is involved than the depiction of abnormal psychology. There is something in Mishima which yearns fiercely for the unattainable, a pinnacle of purity akin to nonexistence or "godliness." Mishima dramatizes a possible explanation for this in one boy's relation to his mother. But psychoanalytic interpretation is hardly relevant here.

In his earlier novel, *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion,* the central character feels himself compelled to burn the ancient temple to the ground—that is, to destroy his ideal in order to accommodate himself to reality. In *The Sailor Who Fell* — the man who fails to live up to the ideal must himself be destroyed. A social comment is implied that is so subtle one is uncertain whether it is entirely conscious. The youth who burns the temple in the earlier novel wants to destroy a burdensome ideal of beauty —of which the temple has become the symbol—so that he can take his place in the "new Japan." The savagery of the kids in the later novel represents a hatred of the ever increasing mechanization (or "Americanization") of their country, which has become sordidly mediocre in comparison with Japan's antique dream of pristine grandeur, traditional and sacrosanct long before the intrusion of the materialistic West.

Dense in substance, far-reaching in allusion, this novel is brilliant in the conciseness of its narrative line. The imagery is marked by a sort of impersonal sensuousness, a graphic and colorful precision. The verbal means employed are spare; one is aware of a dominant control. The informed reader is tempted to find analogies with such minute Japanese verse forms as the *haikai* or with certain 17th-century scroll paintings in which much is conveyed in little.

Mishima's inspiration is fundamentally poetic; Tanizaki is a realist. The younger man tends toward abstraction though he never loses contact with the specific; the older one appears to confine himself to the familiar, the immediately observable, even the domestic. Yet both writers meet in contiguous spheres.

Tanizaki's *Diary of a Mad Old Man* (an irreverent American might call him a dirty old man) is the portrait of an ailing, almost moribund character of 77. He is and has been for a long time completely impotent. Yet sexual desire and the various extravagances attendant upon it persist and will persist as long as he lives.

In the telling, the story is funny, obscene, grotesque and, finally, exhilarating. There is also something chilling in the complete absence of sentiment in Tanizaki's presentation. He spares us no clinical detail of the old man's condition or of the medical treatment he undergoes. But the man desires endlessly with masochistic joy and cunning malice, despite the awareness of his decrepitude, absurdity and the total inefficacy of his impulse, which is as intense as if it were to know consummation.

The object of his desire is his daughter-in-law. She teases, gratifies and exploits him in a manner "eternally feminine." But no one—not his son nor his own wife, his daughter, his doctors and nurses — finds the man's sexual impulse in the least unnatural or shocking. They understand: the sex drive is a constant force, superseding its physiological source, manifestations or consequences. It is evidence of and commensurate with the energy of life itself. The unintelligible because nonrational phenomenon of existence—neither good nor evil—is stoically accepted.

Tanizaki smiles ambiguously at this wonder which cannot be exploited or fathomed. Mishima's posture is one of apparently imperturbable contemplation, something between anguished awe and puzzled serenity. Neither man moralizes. Both are master artists and both in these admirably translated novels have much to tell us.

Preview of a German Controversy

George K. Romoser

Twenty-one years after the bomb which Count Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg, a colonel in the German General Staff, carried to Hitler's headquarters failed to kill the Fuehrer—and thus once and for all doomed a military-civilian plot to overthrow the Nazi regime—the stage is being set, perhaps literally, for a public airing of the motives and actions of the conspirators.

Following in the footsteps of Rolf Hochhuth, whose controversial drama about Pope Pius XII and the Jews aroused great interest inside and outside Germany, the German stage has suddenly become documentary. One of its most unusual playwrights will undoubtedly be Wolfgang Graetz. Graetz has written a sharply critical work about the German Resistance Movement. *The Conspirators,* as Graetz names the play, at present exists only in manuscript form. It has been scrutinized by any number of German historians and theatrical producers, and may be performed in Munich this autumn. Graetz is under contract to publishing houses in Munich which will print the work in October.

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Graetz's drama is well written and succeeds in capturing the atmosphere of discussion and action among the conspirators. The action is limited to the events of July 20, 1944, itself, but the play is intended as a commentary on the whole course of discussions among those military and civilian leaders who meditated action against the Hitler government between the Czech crisis of September, 1938, and the attempted *coup d'état* six years later. This Graetz makes clear in a long foreword which, unlike Hochhuth's "Historical Appendix" to *The Deputy* is—at least at the moment — completely undocumented. There Graetz argues the thesis that "one cannot rebel against something with which one is identical."

Though the dramatic presentation itself conveys a more subtle and differentiated argument—as do, indeed, some of Graetz's statements in the foreword—the general approach of his work is something new on the German scene. It is small wonder that the manuscript has already agitated German historians. Another historical drama about sensitive problems of the Nazi era threatens to have greater impact than the fruits of years of research by professional scholars, not to speak of the efforts by survivors of the plot against Hitler, and by friends of the conspirators.

In West Germany, there have been but two general attitudes toward the conspiratorial activity of 1938 to 1944 among historians, journalists and other disseminators of the printed and spoken word (the general public has at best been indifferent, at worst undoubtedly suspicious of the conspirators).

The first school of thought has been led by Hans Rothfels, professor emeritus of history at the University of Tuebingen. In 1948, when Professor Rothfels was still an *émigré* and teaching at the University of Chicago, he published a highly influential work on *The German Opposition to Hitler*. In it, he praised the political and moral insight of the conspirators, argued that they had acted seriously and resolutely, and were thwarted only by the totalitarian control exercised by the Nazis, the indifference of "nonpolitical" generals inside Germany, and the indifferent or hostile attitude of the Western Allies toward their plans.

Though Rothfels' book was written in English, was first published in this country, and was primarily directed against the views of American and British "anti-Germans," it initiated the tendency to glorify the motives and actions of the conspirators. This aim is supported by the argument that there should be an "educating myth" for German youth, an integration of the passion for freedom—which is said to have been characteristic of the conspirators—into opinions about the recent German past.

The purveyors of the second view about the anti-Nazi conspiracy do not enjoy the professional reputations of the spokesmen of the first school. But their position probably more accurately reflects the suspicion with which the conspiracy is seen by Germans of the older generations. In its baldest form, the second viewpoint is expressed in neo-Nazi writings which label the conspirators as traitors. In more moderate forms, the viewpoint is influential enough to have deterred the West German Government from making July 20 a legal holiday, as has been done for June 17, the anniversary of the 1953 uprising in the Soviet Zone.

At first glance, Graetz's drama appears closest to views which have been widespread in the United States and Great Britain, and which have recently been represented and propagated in William L. Shirer's *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*. According to such interpretations, the conspirators were representatives of disgruntled military and reactionary cliques, opportunists who undertook an ineffective attempt to change Germany's government only when faced by military disaster.

In some respects, indeed, Graetz's views appear closest to interpretations which have been fashionable among Communists. In these circles the plotters have been regarded simply as disgruntled Hitlerites.

Yet Graetz's work opens the possibility for a discussion of the Resistance which moves beyond all these previous interpretations. Such a discussion becomes even more desirable as interpretations of July 20, 1944 outside West Germany begin to shift and a historical episode which had seemed of minor importance comes to be used as a weapon of political historiography. For example, the influence of Rothfels and his followers has been so great in the Anglo-Saxon world that in the second edition of *The German Opposition to Hitler* (1958), Rothfels writes of the complete "reversal of opinion" on the Resistance outside Germany since the immediate postwar period. Moreover, Soviet and East German historians and journalists have, within the last few years, undertaken to distinguish between "reactionary" and "progressive" members of the conspiracy. According to this interpretation, which is now the official line in East Germany, Stauffenberg and a few of his friends were progressive nationalists who wished to orient the future Germany toward close cooperation with the USSR; Carl Goerdeler, former mayor of Leipzig, and the chief civilian involved in the plot, was, along with his followers, bourgeois, pro-Western, and a crypto-Nazi.

Graetz's play is marked by a frontal attack upon that which he terms the "resistance myth" in West Germany. In his foreword, he remarks that the function of this myth is to hinder social reform in the Federal Republic, for it holds forth as heroic models persons who were essentially anti-democratic. At the same time, writes Graetz, the resistance mythology is consciously or unconsciously used to "justify" German history since World War I.

It is tempting to try to relate Graetz's own personal misfortunes to his passion for social reform. In the first article on *The Conspirators* to appear in a West German publication, the caustic and critical news magazine *Der Spiegel* alluded to such relationships when it described in detail Graetz's chaotic life as an adolescent during the war (he was born in 1926), and his subsequent alienation from postwar German society. (He has a long prison record of burglary, robbery, check forging, etc., and wrote his play while incarcerated in a Hessian prison, after the judge refused his plea for psychiatric treatment.)

The dramatic action of *The Conspirators* involves the contrast between resolution to action against the Nazi regime—what the Germans call *Tatkraft* — and the pervasive hesitation in the conduct of the conspirators. In seeking to reconstruct the atmosphere of the conspiracy and the cast of mind among the plotters, Graetz shows that the central problem of the Resistance was a lack of clear and consistent resolution. Even more important is the fact that the play depicts the connection between hesitation and the political sentiments of many of the key actors. For while Graetz shows the inefficiency of the plotting, his real theme concerns the sources of that inefficiency.

Not inaccurately, for example, Graetz

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has some of his characters engage, during the fateful hours on the afternoon of July 20, in an absurd and lengthy conversation on exactly what percentage of chance for success is necessary before one *may* undertake a *coup d'état*. He depicts Gen. Ludwig Beck, destined to be chief of state in a new regime, alternating between moods of hope and despair. He shows Stauffenberg issuing frantic military commands to which no one listens because the plotters have failed to gain command of the radio or make provision for finding reliable troops in Berlin itself. Yet the confusion of their actions merely raises the question: Why?

Graetz explores this question in line with his belief that "it is not so-called 'treason to Hitler's Germany' which should be made the subject of criticism, but the exact opposite—namely, that the conspirators could not bring themselves to a clearer and more radical rejection of Hitler." In effect, the play shows the emphasis which the conspirators always placed upon the "right conditions" for the initiation and then successful conclusion of a *coup d'état*. According to Graetz's dramatization, these "right conditions" were but reflections of the nationalist bias and confused political dreams of the conspirators. The conspirators were weak in resolution because they qualified their willingness to act through too many "conditions" which had nothing to do with the attitude of the Allies, or the military and police power of the regime, but with their state of mind, particularly their sympathy with the "good parts" of Nazism.

The only genuinely *tatkräftig* characters in Graetz's play are non-ideological figures such as Count von Helldorff, Police President of Berlin, and Hans Bernd Gisevius, a former Gestapo official who was close to both Admiral Canaris, head of German counterintelligence, and the American Office of Strategic Services during the war. Helldorff, who had been a rough Nazi Storm Troop leader in the early years, presents the figure of a cynical man of pure action; Gisevius represents the realist who opposes Stauffenberg's confused political romanticism and urges that action take place before ideological debates and without waiting fruitlessly for a favorable sign from the Allies.

The assassin Stauffenberg, though the initiator of the action which finally came to pass after years of discussion, is pictured in *The Conspirators* as a man of personal ambition, nationalist sentiment, and militaristic-aristocratic ideas. Indeed, Graetz first developed the notion of writing a dramatic work on the conspiracy after reading Eberhard Zeller's *Geist der Freiheit* (*The Spirit of Freedom*), at whose "folkish-nationalist jargon" he took offense. Zeller's book, a detailed accounting of the plot of July 20, and a characterization of the leading actors, is in fact constructed around a glorification of the hero Stauffenberg, whose actions Zeller interprets in a romantic manner as constituting a "revolt against the mass age." In spirit it is close both to the quasi-political aristocratic romanticism of the Stefan George circle, which had indeed influenced the young Stauffenberg, and to the sentiments of the "conservative revolution" against the principles and practices of liberal democracy in the Weimar Republic.

To Stauffenberg, Graetz attributes the opinion that National Socialism had sought positive gains: "the struggle against corruption and the spirit of big cities, for instance; the emphasis on the peasantry—and a healthy sense of rank, along with the leadership principle." While Stauffenberg admits that the regime has failed to develop its early promise, his alternative is notably vague: it can only be "some new concept which it will be worth living and dying for . . . in any case, we don't want a return to the rotten conditions of the Weimar Republic!"

For Graetz, Stauffenberg's "ideology" comes down to support for "holy Germany's national war," an unclear notion of future rule by military aristocrats, and a rejection of all rebellion that leads to a breakdown of either the internal or external mobilization of Germany. In Graetz's portrait, moreover, Stauffenberg is an avid opponent of the so-called "Western solution"—a plan which would have involved giving up the war against the Western Allies.

To gain support for their action, the conspirators on July 20 operated with the fiction that the S.S. had attempted a *coup d'état*. The justification for the role of the army was to be that it had stepped in to "preserve order and unity." That the use of this fiction is a highly significant indication of the mentality of the conspirators is not lost upon Graetz. His characters turn again and again to the question whether "the people will accept the conspiracy," and fear "telling the naked truth to the people."

The plain fact is that the conspirators believed the populace as well as most officers to be thoroughly "Nazified." Thus, they felt themselves to be politically isolated at the same time that they both needed mass support to carry the coup to a successful conclusion, and yet, because of their elitist political views, mistrusted mass participation in politics. Under these conditions, the *coup d'état* could only be precarious, a fact which was reflected in the hesitations of the conspirators on July 20 when matters did not proceed exactly according to plan. As Graetz correctly indicates, much of the "planning" prior to that time simply involved useless discussions about the importance of having "concepts" for "the social question" (i.e., the question of winning mass support). The conspirators were palace revolutionaries who obscurely recognized that they could not be simply palace revolutionaries in a country in which the regime had mobilized mass support.

Thus, though Graetz's presentation requires much qualification and refinement, he has touched upon the central dilemma of what has come to be known as the "German Resistance Movement" — a term, incidentally, which unfairly obscures the activities of Communist and other left-wing oppositional cells in the early years of the Nazi regime. Graetz's play probably underestimates the degree to which many of the conspirators were motivated to action by moral revulsion. Graetz's assertion about the "identity" of the rebels and that against which they were "rebelling" cannot be supported. His work neglects the extent to which the conspirators were hampered by other circumstances, and does not clearly enough articulate the objective difficulty of their position. Moreover, Graetz is not sufficiently attentive to the fact that many of the conspirators had earlier been not "Nazis" but "revolutionary conservatives" who feared—and not without some reason — the political role of "mass men" in a disjointed and shattered social order such as that which prevailed in Germany after the First World War.

However, none of these themes have been discussed by German historians either in a plausible manner. *The Conspirators* may help to remove the theme from what Graetz terms the "dustbin of crumbling old folkish German holy relics" to which Rothfels, Zeller and similar authors have consigned July 20, 1944.

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FILMS · Robert Hatch

THIRD FESTIVAL

The proprietors of the New York Film Festival maneuver to launch their annual stand at Lincoln Center in an atmosphere of controversy. Last year the opener was the melodramatic and somewhat sentimental Russian *Hamlet*; this year it was Jean-Luc Godard's *Alphaville*. If I were a director, I doubt that I would covet this position. The festival takes some pains to make an occasion of its first nights, with speeches from the stage beforehand and a buffet reception about midnight. There is an air of official endorsement about the screening that is subtly bullying, and a film so presented must, at least initially, work against it.

But there was a certain logic to leading with *Alphaville*. It is the only "experimental," the only "difficult," picture in this year's collection, and having got it out of the way, the festival could turn to its main job, which is to act as a preview screen for the international film imports. It is serving that function very well; Philharmonic Hall is proving to be the only movie theatre in town, except for the houses that specialize in the underground, where audiences respond with applause, cheers, catcalls and boos. A distributor with an ear sensitive to decibels should be able to predict box-office response.

And it is important to give the commercial importers as much guidance and encouragement as possible, for it is noticeable that as the world cinema gains ebullience and inventive energy, the American import traffic dwindles. The goal of the art house proprietors, understandably, is to book sensational hits, with the result that fewer and fewer films have longer and longer runs. The virtue of the festival is that it notifies the movie audience of what it may be missing as the Beatles or *Tom Jones* grind on for interminable months.

I have not tried to cover the entire festival, for to do so turns film going into an endurance test. What follows is a sampling of this third season, the hope being that much of what has been shown once at Lincoln Center will play normal runs and be reviewed before Easter.

Alphaville has been accurately defined as a "Pop" film—that is, it uses discreditable materials for artistic and, in this case, moral ends. (The true Pop artists repeatedly disclaim any moral intent, though viewers conscientiously read it into their canvases.) The genre Godard exploits is the secret-agent thriller and Eddie Constantine, who plays Lemmy Caution, is an American actor living in Paris who has become identified with sex-and-sadism B-films. He looks and behaves like an inadequate description of Humphrey Bogart.

This time, Constantine has been sent on a science fiction mission: to a megalopolis enslaved by a computer, where lapse of logic is a capital offense and any display of emotion grounds for arrest. Lemmy, instructed to eliminate the computer and its director (named, coincidentally, Dr. Von Braun) is thus an agent of the humane virtues, of love. It is therefore notable that he has not been in Alphaville an hour when he guns down an anonymous intruder into his hotel room with an automatic that subsequently proves to be fitted with one of those inexhaustible cartridge clips favored by blood-intoxicated super-agents.

That is one side of Godard's acrid joke—humanity is to be saved from technological tyranny by a professional killer out of the sub-literature; the heroine, mother of our future, is to be dragged, Persephone-like, from the embrace of the computer by a trigger-happy bully. The other side of the director's grimace is that he has created a metropolis of futuristic horror out of people, structures and machines that can be found today in the core of any big city. There are no fantastic buildings, no outlandish gadgets, no unprecendented customs in this love-banned world. The effect of permanent nightmare is produced by selection from what is now ours —and much of it turns out to be what we most dearly value.

Two weaknesses work against the picture as entertainment. One is that the ostensible story is not very ingenious; a director who sets out to lampoon the thriller should be certain that his own thriller is mechanically deft, and this one creaks and sags. The other fault is that Godard cannot resist preaching. He engages Lemmy in tedious dialogues with the computer that repeat forensically what is already implicit in the action. And, more generally, I felt cheated because Godard had involved us in this elaborate spoof in order to enlighten us on points we could scarcely have avoided noting some time between *Brave New World* and *1984*. It is true that the great moral issues evolve slowly, but some attempt should still be made to change the platitudes.

A special service that the festival can perform is juxtaposition. and this year it does so usefully with two films from India: *Charulata* by Satyajit Ray and *Shakespeare Wallah* by Ray's Western protégé, James Ivory. Ray takes his narrative from a story by Rabindranath Tagore; I do not know how much he transformed it, but on the screen it bears the characteristic marks of his gentleness and sad humor. The picture is also unmistakably his by reason of its sensuous immediacy — it is al-

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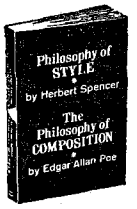

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ways the *feel* of Ray's pictures that one remembers.

As before, no Englishman enters the scene, and yet the picture is dominated by the transposed spirit of 19th-century England. The protagonist is animated by the promise of Gladstonian reform, his wife and younger brother by the lyric emancipation of Byron and the Lake Poets. It is funny, and it is certainly a little sad, to see these admirable, capable and beautiful Indians surrounding themselves with the oppressive wealth of Victorian decoration and seeking a structure for their lives in the doctrines and visions of their conquerors.

Nevertheless, the relationship of these people to one another is at the real heart of the picture and there one finds a modesty and a generosity that would be rare in England. I doubt that they are commonplace in India, but they are characteristic of Ray's view of life.

Ivory also tells a tale in which nostalgia and the interplay of cultures play a large part. A Shakespearean family troupe, once supported by maharajahs and the English colony alike, is sinking into poverty and failure with the departure of the Empire and the preoccupation of the Indians with their own (often tawdry) talents. The daughter of the troupe (Ophelia, Juliet, Desdemona) falls in love with a young Indian sportsman, a man of great charm, little vice, but no capacity for love beyond the making of it. She goes home to England (where she has never been) and her father and mother will end their days giving "recitations" from Shakespeare to aspiring club groups.

Ray's influence is felt partly in Ivory's tenderness with his people and respect for them, partly in his appreciation of the physical texture of India. It is a sign of his tact that he neither patronizes nor pities his traveling company; they are not great actors, but they understand the plays and their performances are respectable and sometimes eloquent. And, again like Ray, he does not bear down on his characters. They suffer but they are not tormented; the girl will clearly rebound from the rejection of her love and her parents are saved from quaint decay by the discipline of their craft. It crosses my mind, though, that the effect of the picture may be more anti-Indian than Ivory intended. All the creative and regenerative virtues lie within the English; the Indians are feckless, vulgar, disoriented.

The difference I feel between Ray and Ivory is in the flow of their films. Ray's compositions are invariably as silkily imperturbable in overall structure as they are luxurious in tactile detail. Ivory is more spasmodic; his transitions have a greater wrench. It is not a fault: Ivory is a pupil of Ray, not an imitator, and he comes from the more abrupt and muscular West.

Two films that I would not give high priority for commercial showing are *Raven's End* (Sweden) and *The Shop on High Street* (Czechoslovakia). The first of these —a dirgelike chronicle of a young man's talent crushed by his father's alcoholic delusions of persecuted superiority—is implacable, but lacks insights beneath the surface of determined pessimism. I was struck principally by the tidy look of what the Swedes evidently consider a poverty verging on squalor.

The Shop on High Street is a recent film dealing with events in a Czech small town during the Nazi occupation. I found it sentimental (sentimentality is perhaps the dominant failing of Communist art) and morally ambiguous. The picture makes clear that some Czechs eagerly embraced the German conquerors and that others fattened on the persecution of the Jews, but it is all more in the Mussolini than in the Hitler manner, and the central character —a skeptical carpenter who is made Aryan manager of a button shop and soon becomes the adored clerk of the ancient and oblivious Jewish widow who owns it—so vacillates among greed, cowardice and chivalry that the picture appears to say that the Czechs were children led astray by wicked tutors. There may be a propaganda purpose to it, but its human relationships are too tentative for successful export.

The major disappointment of the festival for me was *Film* by Samuel Beckett, directed by Alan Schneider and played by Buster Keaton. It seems to be a work by someone who had borrowed Beckett's vocabulary but found nothing to say with it. Keaton is a long-coated figure scurrying beside the bulkhead of the Brooklyn Bridge, his face covered with a handkerchief. He scoots into a tenement and up the stairs to lock himself into a room empty except for a rocking chair, a basket containing a kitten and a small dog, a parrot in a cage, a fish in a bowl and a mirror on the wall.

There is much business (eloquent Keaton pantomime) of covering window and mirror, ejecting cat and dog, masking bird and fish. Then from a portfolio comes a group of photographs showing pivotal moments in the victim's life from infancy to present desuetude (one eye covered by a patch). One by one the pictures are torn to fragments and the camera finally swings around to face and sink into the live lizard eye of the old actor rocking in his chair. There are here bits of *Endgame, Krapp's Last Tape, Malloy Dies* and the rest of the Beckett canon. But the hold on life, the poetry, the accumulation of mad lucidity, seem to have drained out of the scene, and left loneliness and desperation as though they were entities rather than conditions. I got the feeling that Beckett was finally obliterating his world, and I was depressed but unmoved.

On the same bill were two other Keaton films, a recent one by the National Film Board of Canada, called *The Railrodders* and *Seven Chances* from 1925. The contemporary film turned out to be a plug for the Canadian National Railway and the tourist interests of Canada. Keaton rides a motorized handcar from the Atlantic to the Pacific and in the process runs through his repertory of sight gags from the silent days, but "visit beautiful Canada" is the motive. The old picture was made before Keaton had perfected his screen personality; he appears as an agile young swell. The movie is notable for a chase that involves several hundred jilted women and, more gloriously, a hillside of cascading papier-mâché boulders that pursue the hero in a surrealist passage of weightless menace: they look like rocks and behave like beach balls. This was properly applauded, but the two modern pictures seemed inadequate reasons for Keaton to break his long retirement.

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